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PAUL LAROON:

—OR,—

THE SCOURGE OF THE ANTILLES.

A STORY OF SHIP AND SHORE.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, Jr.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER IX.

THE LETTER.

Paul arose early in the morning, and he was not long in discovering that old Hagar was watching him very narrowly; but he appeared to take no notice of it, only looking out that she did not come near enough to annoy him; and she, when she found that the youth's eyes were upon her, seemed anxious to avoid him. Paul could see all this—he could see with what tenacity she kept her gaze upon him, and yet how uneasy she was in the work. Of course he knew from this that the slave was acting under orders which she dared not disobey.

After breakfast our hero walked out into the garden with Mary, and having secured a spot where no one could watch and overhear them without being seen by them, they devoted a few moments to planning for the future. They were calm now, and their thoughts were of a more cool and devoted character than they had been when first they knew all the wickedness that worked against them.

"Never," said Paul, earnestly and fervently, "have I joined in any of Marl Laroon's foul projects, and I have only raised my hand against my fellows when unfortunate circumstances have forced me to defend my own life. O, I must be free from this thraldom! For years I have felt the fatal canker eating to my soul, and yet I could not rid myself of it. I could not leave Marl Laroon, and know that you were left behind. He knows this—and he has ever taunted me with it. Ay, taunted me with the noblest passion of my soul. When I have threatened to leave him, he has sneeringly spoken your name to me. He knew that was a talisman that would bind me to him. But it cannot be so always. I shall not leave this base man while I live, unless I can take you with me; but I cannot always live so. The time must soon come when I shall sink beneath the load if I cannot throw it off. While I was but a boy I thought not so much of it, but now that I am a man—perhaps not yet in years a man, but surely so in experience—I feel the curse of the shame more deeply. Mary, we must make our way from here, or not only I, but you also, must fall. You know what I mean. You know the thing which threatens you. But weep not—let not your heart fail you—for we will yet accomplish our purpose of salvation. I cannot think that God will let the villain triumph."

As Paul ceased speaking, Mary placed her arm about his neck, and bowed her head upon his bosom.

"I think God will smile upon us," she murmured, "for surely I have ever tried to obey him so far as I knew how. O, we shall be very happy when we have a home of our own where wicked people cannot harm us. You say you have very lately grown a man. So have I grown a woman. When last we were together before this, I felt as a child, but it is so no longer. I begin to feel the canker of a slavery worse than death upon me, and if our tyrant does as he means to do, then I shall die indeed."

"Do not fear," again urged the youth, "for I will save you. Sometime when I come, I will bring a suit of sailor's clothes that will fit you, and I can take you out as one of my boat's crew. Some such way can be managed; and when we are once free from this place we will make our way at once to some port on the coast, and from thence we can easily find passage out of the country. You will not despair, dearest!"

"I will not, Paul," returned the maiden—"I will not."

And then the youth went on to speak words of cheer and comfort to his loved one. To be sure they were words which had little foundation in fact, but then they had a good effect, and they were far better than thoughts of fear and pain. The hour drew nigh at which our hero was to take his departure, for he had promised to be on board at ten o'clock. So he spoke to Mary all the hope he could, and having promised to come again very soon, he kissed her, and then hastened away to his boat.

The passage down the river was quickly made, and when Paul stepped over the brig's side the captain was in the gangway to receive him.

"You are punctual," said Marl, with a sneer upon his face which the youth did not fail to notice.

"I generally mean to be so," replied the youth. "When I give my word I keep it."

"If you *can*," added Laroon, with a dark smile.

"Certainly, I admit the power of some things to thwart me, even to the crushing of my soul, but I acknowledge not the right, and he must be wary who would attempt it."

"Thank you," responded Laroon, with another sneer. "I shall remember your lesson."

Paul passed on to the quarter-deck and descended to the cabin, and his first movement was to seek the bunk of the old gunner whom he found in a very weak and painful condition. The old man was glad to see the young surgeon, and hoped that he should not be left to the captain's hands again.

"If I do, go again," said Paul, "I will leave proper medicine for you, and commission some one that I know will be faithful. But how do you feel now?"

"Very weak, and I can't sleep."

"Have you slept since I went away?"

"Ay, and there's the trouble. Some of the stuff you left must have put a reg'lar stopper on my peepers. I went to sleep last night 'bout four bells in the dog-watch, an' didn't wake up again till this mornin'."

"It's nothing that I left, Ben," said Paul, reaching out and taking the old man's wrist. "You've had something that I never ordered, but you needn't fear. It wont hurt you only to make you uneasy for a little while."

The youth knew very well from the symptoms he could perceive that a powerful soporific had been administered, and he knew, too, why it had been given; but he resolved to guard against a repetition of the thing. He immediately administered to his patient such medicine as he thought necessary, and then passed through the cock-pit to the berth-deck. He had not noticed Buffo Barnington upon the spar-deck, and he supposed of course he should find him here, which he did. The strange man started up as soon as he saw Paul, and hurried towards him. He grasped the young man's hand as he came up, and having gazed hurriedly about him, as though fearful that some one might overhear him, he said, in quick, low tones:

"What has the captain heard about me?"

"Why do you ask?" returned Paul, wishing first to know what had transpired.

"I'll tell you. Last night Laroon went on shore pretending that he only meant to take a stroll among the woods. He was gone till quite late. His first question on coming over the side was, 'Is Barnington aboard?' The boatswain told him I was. 'Then keep him aboard,' said the captain. I heard this myself. This morning when I went on deck, Laroon was there, and he has watched me as a cat would watch a rat ever since. He must have heard something."

"So he has," answered Paul. "He has heard all that you said to me on the evening we conversed together here."

And the youth went on and told all that had transpired, giving a full account of what Hagar must have overheard, and of her having afterwards seen Laroon.

"Then you are sure he knows all this?" said Buffo, in a tone which betrayed some distress.

"I am," answered Paul.

"Well," resumed the old man, "it will not benefit him any, especially since I know what has happened, and shall now know how to take him."

"But be careful," suggested Paul, "for he does not dream that I mistrust him. He thinks his visit to his castle was made in secret last night, and if he had not been so anxious to peep up at the window at which the poor maiden sat he might not have been discovered. But now we have the advantage of him in one respect, at least. He knows only what we have said and done, while we know all that he thinks secure in his own mind. But what is all this?" continued our hero, with more earnestness. "What can the captain fear in you? What connexion is there between you and myself? There must be some. There must be something thus to start such a man as Marl Maroon into so much fear."

"—sh!" uttered Buffo. "There he is now, just coming down into the cabin, for I hear his voice. Can you get a letter to Caracoas for me?"

"Yes, easily. But—"

"Never mind now. When I hand you a letter do you see that it is sent to Caracoas at once, and that not another person sees it but you and me. Trust to me yet awhile, and I may help you. I know your want, and I will not forsake you. Look to your patients now."

As Buffo Barnington thus spoke he turned quickly away, and Paul took his hint and went at once to the cock pit where three of the wounded men lay. He was just feeling the pulse of one of them when the captain entered.

"O, you are here, are you?" said the latter.

"Yes, sir. Did you wish for me?"

"Only to know where you were, that was all."

As Laroon thus spoke he returned to the cabin, and there waited until the youth got through with his examination. Paul found that the wounded men needed nothing more than his assistant had already orders to do, and having spoken a few words of cheer to them he returned to the cabin.

"Well, my dear son," was the captain's first salutation, "how have you enjoyed yourself?"

"Very well indeed," replied Paul, seeming to take no notice of his commander's sarcastic manner.

"Did you find Mary looking as well as you expected?"

"Yes, sir."

"I suppose you love here full as well as you did when you was a boy?"

"Certainly, sir."

"Perhaps more?"

"Well, I cannot say as to that. My love may be different now."

"I should think so," said Marl, apparently a little disconcerted by the young man's straightforwardness. "Did you tell her how your love had changed?"

"I told her how you had spoken falsely to her concerning me," answered the youth, looking his interlocutor calmly in the eye.

"Ah, how was that?"

"You told her, when you visited her a year ago, that I did not wish to come and see her."

"Did I?"

"You did."

"Mayhap I may have thought so at that time."

"If you did, then you must have been very forgetful, that's all. But let that pass. I enjoyed myself very well. I found Mary in excellent health and spirits; chatted with her to my heart's content; told her how I loved her; walked with her in the garden; caught one of your old women and seized her up out of the way, and made myself generally happy and at home."

"Seized up one of my women?"

"Yes. Old Hagar. You know her. She dogged me in the garden, and I just bound her. But I didn't hurt her. I let her go as soon as we went into the house."

"How dared you, sir?" exclaimed Laroon, in a passion.

"How dared I?" iterated Paul, laughing. "Why, I thought you knew I dared do anything!"

"You may do too much one of these days, sir."

"Perhaps I have done too much now. But never mind. I suppose the old woman had a great curiosity to find out how two lovers would talk, so she took that method to learn. But I gave her a lesson for the time, though I suppose she'll forget it by the time I go there again."

"Then you were talking to Mary of love?" uttered Laroon, in a sort of hushed voice, as though he struggled to keep back part of his feelings.

"Why, bless you, what else should we talk of? A brother and sister just come together for the first time in a year and a half. Did you ever have a sister?"

This last question was asked in a low, altered tone, and the pirate bowed his head at once. At this moment the gunner, probably noticing that there was a lull in the conversation, called out for Paul to come into his room. The youth obeyed the summons, and the captain went on deck, where he paced up and down the poop for some half hour without speaking. He was evidently puzzled. He knew that old Hagar was not the most correct person in the world to retain and report a thing just as she heard it, and he wondered if, after all, there might not be some mistake. But a few moments of reflection assured him that the old woman must have had some foundation for what she said, and if there was any mistake it could only be in the sort of love which existed between the two young people. At first his jealousy—for he was now jealous of Paul—had blinded him to the other points of Hagar's revealment, and he felt that if Paul loved the maiden only as a sister then all was well; but soon he remembered the rest—the project for escape, and so on—and his mind was strung again with purpose for prevention and revenge. But for the time being he troubled Paul no more about it.

On the next day Barnington slipped a letter into Paul's hand, directing him, in a whisper, to conceal it, and send it off as soon as possible. When our hero had opportunity he examined the missive. It was an ordinary letter, closely sealed, and directed to "Don Pedro Manriquez, *Caracoas*." This superscription was in a tremulous, but yet bold and open hand, evincing much character, and some former experience with the pen.

On the very next day, Paul was on shore with a party who had been sent to hunt up some horses that had escaped from the castle. Three of the animals had been found, and Paul mounted one of them, telling the men he was going to try his mettle. These men cared little what the youth did so long as he did not hurt himself, and to have prevented that they would have sacrificed much; so they only bade him be careful, and then laughed to see him start off. He struck into a path which he remembered well, and at the end of some seven miles he came to a little cove where there were half-a-dozen cots occupied by poor Spanish fishermen. He soon found some of them, and learned that one of their small luggers would sail for Caracoas on the morrow with a load of dry fish, and that another would sail in just a week from that with another load, if the weather was good.

Paul easily found the man who was to sail on the morrow, and to him he gave the letter. The fisherman promised to deliver it faithfully, and the youth offered him a dollar for his trouble. The old man refused at first, but the money was tempting, and he took it with many thanks.

Our hero reached his party just as they had brought the fifth horse up, and when he returned to the brig he found an opportunity to inform Barnington that his letter had gone.

Little did Paul dream of how much that letter was to do!

CHAPTER X.

HOPE FINDS A RESTING-PLACE.

It was not until along into the evening that Paul remembered anything about the information he had received respecting the lugger which was to sail for Caracoas in one week. He was walking the quarter-deck when the thought of the thing came to his mind, and he stopped and clasped his hands together with strange energy.

"Surely," he uttered to himself, "he said, '*in one week*,' in one week from to-morrow, if the weather was good." And thus muttering the youth commenced to walk the deck again. His mind was now busy with a mighty idea. "Why could he not get Mary away from the castle as well by that time as any other?" This was a proposition that dwelt in his mind until he had resolved to set to work towards that end.

On the next morning he told the captain he believed he should go up to the castle sometime during the day. Laroon may have wished that Paul should remain on board, but he had been too long in the habit of allowing the youth to have his own way about such things to stop him now. And there might have been one more reason why he did not care to enforce his wishes at present. He knew that Paul would have the sympathy of every man on board the brig, and though his authority was absolute, yet he knew too well that his youthful protege possessed the most real governing principle—that principle which is most keenly felt, and quickly and truly obeyed. But he had one source of consolation: The maiden could not be removed without first overcoming all hands at the castle, and that was more than Paul could do, or a score like him.

So after dinner our hero went up the river, and he took a boat's crew of his own selection. He found Mary well, and of course joyed to see him. This time he took good care that all his conversation of importance should be carried on in such a tone that no eavesdropper could overhear him.

At the end of an hour Paul and Mary were seated in the very chamber where they had been watched by Hagar, but now they left their door open, and sat where they could see any one who should ascend the stairs. It was not five minutes after they were thus seated before Paul saw a black mass of wool appear above the balustrade, and in a moment more Hagar's shrivelled face followed it; but she saw the young man's keen eye fixed upon her, and she dodged quickly back. Paul smiled at her discomfiture, and then went on with the conversation he had planned.

"Mary," he commenced, "you must excuse me for the question I am about to put to you, but I wish to know how much money you could raise in an emergency."

"Why do you ask that question?" asked the maiden, with a smile.

"Because I wish to know if between us, we can raise money enough to get to England."

"How?" cried she, in a tone of quick eagerness. "Can we get away?"

"I have an opening—a dim chance. I think we can succeed."

"O, God grant it!"

"But we must have the money, Mary. I have some—perhaps a thousand dollars—which I have received from poor generous fellows whom I have helped."

"I thought you had many thousands."

"So I should have were I to take my share. But hold—I will take my share of the last French prize. She is my country's enemy, and that was a man-of-war. I will take my share of that, and if I do, I shall have some two thousand more; but perhaps I cannot get it without exciting the captain's suspicions, for that has not been distributed yet."

"Let it go, Paul—let it go," said Mary, with a sparkling eye and waking smile. "I have enough, and more than enough, though not much in ready money. I have a faithful friend who has for three years supplied me with baubles for my amusement."

The youth gazed up into his companion's face with a puzzled, inquisitive look, and as the smile about the maiden's lips grew broader and warmer, his anxiety increased. Mary noticed it.

"You would like to know what I mean," she said. "Listen, and I will tell you: Among the slaves here is a young girl—an Indian—who has ever manifested a great affection for me, and who will run away to her own people when I go away. Some three years ago she came to me and brought a small piece of crystal-like substance, and asked me if it was not a diamond. I examined it, and told her it was. She had wiped it clean and rubbed it with dry pummice, and upon comparing it with some gems in my possession, I knew it at once to be of great value, and told her it would buy her freedom many times over. She told me she should not want her freedom so long as she could have me for a mistress, and after some hesitation she asked me if I did not hope at some time to be free from the place. I told her I did, and thereupon she informed me that she thought there were many more diamonds where she found this. It was at some distance from here where the small stream, which runs under our walls, eddied about a deep cavern in the side of the cliff above here. She found, accidentally, an entrance to that cave, and upon a bed of sand which had washed up from the mountain stream she found the gem. Her supposition proved correct, and she has brought me, since that time, nearly two hundred diamonds—some large and some small. She has kept half the same number for herself at my command, for to my *request* she would not listen; but yet I have been forced to accept the richest ones. You know, of course, what those will bring to us."

"To you," said Paul. "They are not mine. I knew not you were so wealthy. You are sure they are all diamonds?"

Mary did not speak, but she at once left the room, and when she returned she had a small box in her hand, which she handed to her lover. Paul opened it, and his hands trembled as he lifted one after another of the jewels, which he knew were worth thousands of pounds each.

"You are a princess in wealth," he said, almost mournfully.

"I have a mind to punish you, Paul."

"For what?"

"For thus fearing that I shall look upon you as owing me a debt if I accept you for a husband."

The youth started, and his face burned, as he thus found how truly his thoughts had been read. But Mary helped him out of the difficulty.

"But I have not told you all," she said, with a smile brighter than any she had yet shown. "My poor slave has loved you long and truly, for you were ever kind to her when you and she and I—when we all were younger than we now are."

"Is it Otchewa of whom you speak?"

"Yes."

"How could I help being kind to one so faithful?"

"And she was faithful because you were kind. Let me tell you, Paul, that these Muyscas are not of a nature to be faithful to one who is unkind, and for that reason would poor Otchewa kill our master for me at any moment. She is a shrewd person, and in case of need I should

place much dependence upon her. But to the rest of my story: She made me take one half of these gems in trust for you. Thus has the faithful creature made us equal sharers with herself, she only keeping one third of all she found. Now, what think you?"

"Forgive me, Mary. O, we will be very happy!"

A few moments more passed in silence, and then the maiden closed the box and carried it back to the room from whence she took it. When she returned the door was again left open, and then Paul continued with the unfolding of his plan:

"Now," said he, "this part of money is settled, and the next is the means of getting away from this place. In one week from to-morrow, if it is fair, a small lugger will sail from the little fishing cove to the southward and eastward of us, for Caraccas. If we can be on the ground at the time, our object may be accomplished—Ha! there is that woolly head again!"

Paul darted towards the head of the stairs like a bolt, and poor Hagar tumbled from the point she had gained to the bottom, rolling like a piece of wood, and shouting most lustily when she reached the solid pavement.

"I hope she has not injured herself," said our hero, when he returned to his companion, which he did as soon as he noticed that some of the other servants had come to pick her up. "I only meant to frighten her. But I was going to say: I will be here on the evening before that day, and I will get you out in this wise: The smallest of my boat's crew is not much larger than you are, and surely no taller. I will bring an extra suit of his clothes, and you shall put them on. Then Billy—his name is Billy Mason—shall watch his opportunity, and creep to the boat and hide beneath the thwarts. After this I shall call my crew off, and when you come boldly with them, as one of the four, the deception will not be noticed, for it will be dark, you know, and no one will think of our ruse. How does it suit you?"

"You mean then to leave the boat as soon as we get clear of the castle?"

"Yes."

"I hope it will work," returned Mary, thoughtfully. "But how about the men in the boat?"

"Of course they will return without me."

"But where will they tell the captain you have gone?"

"Stop a moment. There is a loop I did not notice. Of course if they return at once—but I have it. They shall tell the captain this: I ordered them to wait for me, if it was until daylight, and then they returned without me. That's it. When we leave the boat, I will tell the crew to wait for me there until I return, if it is until daylight. And if I do not come then they may go down to the brig. By that time, we will be at sea, for money will do much, and for a few dollars the fishermen will put off before daylight. Thus the crew will be clear from all blame, for the captain knows they are bound to obey me to the letter."

"But when he finds that I am gone, will not the crew come in for punishment then?"

"Not at all, for they can swear that they know nothing of you, and that if you went with me, you must have gone out from the castle and met me in the woods. Do you not see?"

"Yes, I do," returned the maiden, "and I should think the plan might succeed But——"

"By the consecrated host, if that woman has not crept up the stairs after all!" suddenly broke in Paul, in a low whisper. He had just at that moment caught sight of her gliding along from the head of the stairs to an opposite angle of the corridor. "Hark! She is creeping this way!—ah! There, she has stopped. Now be careful, and we will put her on the wrong scent."

Our hero now knew that Hagar was where she could hear every word he should speak in an ordinary tone, and in a voice perfectly clear and distinct, and little louder than usual, but at the same time very earnest, he said:

"Now we must be very careful, Mary, how we act. I have put that old Hagar out of the way at any rate, so there is no more fear of her overhearing us."

A very low chuckle was here heard, and both Paul and Mary smiled.

"*In one month from this time I shall be able to escape,*" resumed the youth, in the same distinct key. "By that time I can get all my prize money, and then we will make some plans for our moving off. I have had some further talk with Buffo Burnington, and he says he thinks Marl Laroon is, after all, my father! and he advises me to stick by and be a pirate! He says it is a free and noble life, and that he would rather be a follower of Captain Laroon than be a duke in England. But I don't mind him. When he told me he had seen me at Mr. Humphrey's house, I was in hopes he would tell me something more, but he wont. He is not so good a man as I took him for—nothing but a pirate at heart after all."

"I am sorry for that," chimed in Mary, distinctly. "But then we shall not need his assistance. But cannot we escape before the end of a whole month?"

"No," returned Paul, "for I cannot get my money before that time; and then again, about that time, Marl Laroon will begin to think about sailing, and we may have a better chance. But let it rest. I will see you in one week from this evening, and then we may make out our plans more fully. Remember, in one week I will try to have something more definite to tell you."

Thus the two talked for a spell, and then Paul proposed that they should walk out into the garden. Mary was soon ready, and as they passed out to the head of the stairs, the youth just caught a glimpse at a dress disappearing around an angle in the corridor at no great distance. He smiled, for he knew that the bait had been taken.

When they reached the garden they knew they were secure, and Paul made sure that his companion understood the whole plan. She promised that on that day week she would have everything ready for the flight, and when this plan was fully settled, they turned their attention to other matters.

When our hero started to return to the brig he felt sure that his servitude was soon to have an end. His heart was light and buoyant, and his hopes were all sunny and bright. He forgot how many clouds arise suddenly upon the clear sky, and how many cups are broken on their passage to the lips. But he had reason, perhaps, for his joy, though at times there would creep in a slight doubt upon him, which he immediately drove away.

CHAPTER XI.

CONFERENCES.

In the course of two days Paul found that his plot had begun to work. On the very next day after he returned from the last visit to Mary the captain went up to the castle, and when he came back there was a look of satisfaction upon his features which Paul could at once read. It was a half smiling, dark, satanic look, and one which showed pretty plainly that its owner had suddenly come upon something which pleased him.

And while Laroon was gone, Paul had a long conversation with Burnington, during which he related the plan he had adopted for putting the captain upon the wrong track.

"So you see," said our hero, "if the bait takes you will be removed from his suspicion."

"But not from his curiosity," returned the one-eyed man.

"That will be of no harm, for if he thinks you are only some one who chanced to see me when I was a child, and that you now believe me to be his son, he will care for little else. But we can tell when he comes on board how much he has heard, for he will soon show it."

The youth considered some time whether he should tell Burnington of his plan for escape, and the result was, that he resolved to keep it to himself, for the secret would be nowhere so safe as in his own bosom. Perhaps he would let the man know of it before he went; but he would consider well upon it first.

As we have already remarked, it was not long before both Paul and Buffo knew that the bait had been swallowed, for the captain was very complaisant and polite to the young surgeon, though of course there was any quantity of sarcasm mixed up with it. And to Burnington he was evidently inclined to show much favor. One day the latter individual was engaged in weaving a sword-mat, when the captain passed near him. Paul was at that time on shore with a water party, where he had gone for the avowed purpose of hunting up some medicinal roots which he wanted; but in fact he had gone to see the fishermen at the cove. Laroon bade Burnington follow him to the cabin.

"Is your name really Buffo Burnington?" asked the captain, as soon as they were both seated.

"Certainly," answered the maimed man, affecting a surprise which he did not feel.

"Do you remember a remark you made, when you first came on board, respecting Paul?"

"I said he resembled you."

"Yes. Now I wish to ask you if you have reason to think you ever saw the young man before?"

"Why do you ask that?"

"Because I have noticed you many times regarding him with extraordinary interest. My question is a fair one."

"Surely it is, and I will answer you fairly. I do think I have seen him before. I saw him some seventeen years ago, in Northamptonshire. He was at Sir Stephen Humphrey's."

Marl Laroon changed color beneath the keen glance of his companion, but he quickly regained his composure.

"What were you doing there?" he asked.

"It would be difficult to tell that just now," returned Buffo, with a smile. "But I can tell you what I know of Paul. I know he was at that time a protege of the baronet's, and that his father had only left him there for safe keeping, and I have of course supposed that Sir Stephen would never have given him up to you unless you had the right to claim him."

"Certainly—certainly. Of course not," uttered Laroon, very quickly, and with much energy. "You were right there. But now tell me who you are—what you were doing in Northamptonshire?"

"Why, to tell you the truth," answered Buffo, with a strange leer, "I sometimes used to find it very convenient to be in very odd places."

"Eh?" uttered Marl, looking at his companion inquisitively.

"I supposed you would remember the name of Buffo Burnington."

"There is something familiar in the name—and in your face, too; but I can't call it to mind."

"Then you don't remember the man who used to give the revenue officers so much trouble about the mouth of the Severn, and all along the shores of the Bristol Channel?"

"Ha! Yes I do," cried Marl, his face lighting up in an instant. "Yes I do. I remember now. And so you are that bold smuggler!"

"I fear I am so closely related to him that the revenue of England would like to get hold of me, even now."

"By my soul, Burnington, this is worth a thousand dollars, and if I had known it before I should have been more free and generous with you. You have proved yourself to be a brave man, and now I shall know how to appreciate you."

Buffo seemed much gratified by this new turn affairs had taken, and he confessed to his commander that he had been afraid that there was some secret cause of dislike existing towards him.

They conversed awhile longer together, and Burnington did his utmost to fix himself firmly in the captain's confidence, and he succeeded—at least if Laroon's assurance was of any weight.

In the meanwhile Paul had found a horse and rode off to the cove where the fishermen dwelt, and he had made arrangements with them to have their lugger all ready for sailing on the evening previous to the day on which they meant to sail. He told them that it might be possible that he should want to take passage with them for Caraccas, and if he did he should want to start the moment he arrived, even though it should be at midnight. He promised to pay them well, and they evinced as much love for the money as they did for accommodating him, though they were by no means grasping or avaricious. When this was arranged Paul returned.

And there was another who was not idle during all this time. The fair prisoner at the castle was making herself busy with preparation. It was on the fourth evening from her lover's last visit, and she had prepared everything so that she could now be ready to flee at a moment's notice. She was sitting in her chamber—in the same one where she and Paul were wont to sit, and which served her for a drawing-room—when she was somewhat startled by the abrupt entrance of Marl Laroon. The pirate captain smiled very blandly as he came in, and having placed his hat upon the table he sat down upon the sofa by Mary's side. She would have arisen, but her master detained her.

"Stop, my dear," he said, laying his hand upon her arm. It was the first time he had ever applied that appellative to her, and she shuddered as she sat back. "I have somewhat of importance to say to you," he continued, "and I want you to listen. Why do you suppose I have taken this castle, and kept up so expensive an establishment?"

Mary looked up, but did not answer. But she knew that the "establishment" was not a source of expense to him, but rather an income, for not only did the slaves raise much stock and produce from the broad lands to sell at Porto Cabello, Caraccas, and Valencia, but a silver mine on the place had already yielded him more than he originally paid for the whole concern with the subsequent expenses added.

"Of course," resumed Laroon, "I did not purchase this place for nothing. I meant, from the first, to find a home here, and such I still mean to find. But I cannot have a home without a wife. Do you understand that?"

The poor girl turned pale, but could not speak. Had she known nothing of the pirate's plans, she might have spoken freely, for the monstrous idea of his making her his wife would not yet have entered her mind.

"Do you understand me?" the man asked again, rather sharply.

"I understand what you say," tremblingly returned the maiden.

"And so you shall understand what I mean."

Now if Marl Laroon had known nothing of the girl's project for escaping with Paul, he would have spoken as kindly as could be, but the knowledge he had gained through Hagar had served to make him angry, and hence he now came to the business in anything but a kindly mood.

"I have told you," he resumed, "that I need a wife. Now where shall I find one unless I take you?"

"*Me?*" faintly articulated Mary, forgetting all else but the man by her side, and the words he spoke. She looked upon his broad, heavy frame, his thick, coarse, sensual features, and his black, snake-like eyes, and a thrill of perfect horror went to her soul.

"Yes, *you*," returned the pirate. "I do not think I can find a better. You are handsome, and I like that. You are young, and I like that, too, for I shall have the satisfaction of teaching you how to please me. You know all my tastes and whims, and hence will know how to care for me. I think I cannot make a better choice."

Mary felt as though this was the first time she had ever heard the dreadful idea.

"Spare me!" she ejaculated.

"How long?" he asked, with a wicked leer.

"Always! Forever!"

"I hope you will be spared *to me*, love, as long as I live; but you must be my wife. Why, what do you suppose I have kept you here so long for, and had you attended like a princess, too, all the while?"

"I did not suppose you were all this while planning for such misery as you now show to me in prospect," returned Mary, more calmly than she had before spoken.

"That is all nonsense. I understand you very well. You have conceived a childish passion for Paul; but let me tell you at once that you shall never live to see him your husband, unless I have first been laid away in the ground."

The maiden had now become more calm. The first shock had passed, and she began to think more of the hope she had entertained of escape. Thus her mind became more clear, and she remembered the plan Paul had adopted for putting Hagar upon the wrong track, and she resolved to carry out what he had begun.

"How long before you mean to do this thing?" she asked, still manifesting much pain.

"That depends upon circumstances."

"You will give me one month—one short month—in which to think of this?" she urged.

Laroon's eyes snapped like coals. He thought he knew very well what was meant by this request. He was sure now that Hagar had heard aright. "*One month!*" Just the time the old slave had told him they had set before they would make their escape.

"Why do you ask just *one month?*" he uttered, eyeing her very sharply, and laying much emphasis upon the last two words.

"Because that will give me time to think," returned Mary, "though I would much rather you would grant me a longer time."

"But why will not two weeks answer? You can do all the thinking you will find necessary in that time."

The girl appeared to be much frightened at this, but before she could speak the captain went on:

"We will see about this. But of one thing you may rest assured: you must be my wife, for I think of giving up the sea ere long, and then I shall settle down with you. With regard to the time of our marriage, I shall think of it, and in due time you shall be made acquainted with my determination. I have thought best to make this known to you now, so that you may be prepared. I shall see you again before I leave."

As Marl Laroon thus spoke he arose and left the apartment, and from the direction in which his steps sounded, she knew he had gone to Hagar's apartment.

Of course, Mary had been somewhat startled by this meeting, and its subject, and as she reflected upon the state of abject debasement and misery to which the plan would reduce her, she shuddered fearfully, but she had yet much ground for hope, and in her prayers she prayed with much faith in her soul's salvation from the deep debasement the wicked man would cast upon her.

CHAPTER XII.

ON THE WING.

Time passed on, and the week was gone. On the morning of the day which had been set for the last to be spent in these regions by the two lovers, Paul arose with an aching, dizzy head, for the night last past had been one of uneasiness and anxiety; and if there may be anything in omens, then all the omens of that morning were unpropitious. Paul came upon deck, and though the cool air tended somewhat to revive him, yet when he found the heavens all hung with black clouds, his heart began to fall him. The captain noticed how dejected he looked, and he asked the cause of it. The youth replied that he did not feel well, and that he had probably taken cold.

Ben Marton had now so far recovered that he needed only rest and care, and the wounded men were also out of danger; so Paul left no one who needed his assistance. Up to the present time our hero had not made up his mind how he should manage with regard to Burnington, about letting him know of his intended movement. He had the fullest confidence in that man, though there was yet something about him which he could not fathom. At length, however, he resolved to write a brief statement of his plan, without letting the man know anything about where and how he was going. So he went down to the cabin, and having made sure that he was not observed, he took a sheet of paper, and with a pencil wrote as follows:

"Burnington: When you open this I shall be on my way from those who have thus far proved only a curse to me, and Mary will be with me. Should you ever wish to see me again, you will find me with my friends in England if I have any such there. Of course I shall go to Northampton at once. You will know where to find me much better than I can tell you, for you evidently know more about them than I do. With regard to this matter, I have not given you my full confidence, it is true, and I am sure that you have not confided the half of your knowledge concerning myself to me. But I hope to see you again. God bless you for your kindness.

PAUL."

The youth sealed this letter, and at the first opportunity he slipped it into Burnington's hand saying, as he did so:

"You will not open this till after dark—till midnight. Will you promise?"

"Certainly," responded Buffo, in blank surprise.

"Then take it, and be sure that no one else sees it. Remember, now, you are not to open it until well into the night, unless I come off before."

Burnington would have asked many questions, but there was no opportunity, so he slipped the missive into his bosom and then turned away; but he did not keep his promise, for in half an hour afterwards he had read the letter, and his face showed that he was troubled.

Towards noon Paul began to feel much better, for the clouds were all rolling off, and the prospect was that the weather would be clear and beautiful. After dinner he told the captain that he was going up to the castle. Laroon smiled a bitter smile as he heard this, but he made no objections. Our hero made up a bundle of linen which he said he should get washed, and within that he concealed a full suit of Billy Mason's clothes; and thus prepared he called away his boat's crew, and went over the side. He had taken all the money he could raise that he felt free to use, in all amounting to thirteen hundred dollars—for of course the prize-money from the French corvette had not yet been distributed, and Paul had not dared to ask for any of it, for fear of exciting suspicions. But he cared not for that—he and Mary had wealth enough without it, and he should thus go free from the touch of one penny of real piratical prize-money.

The castle was reached, and the crew had pledged themselves to obey their young commander to the very letter, and be faithful to his interests. He knew he could depend upon them and he felt no uneasiness on that score. Billy Mason had been thoroughly instructed in the part he was to play, and he was prepared for it. The portcullis was raised, and the boat passed under and was moored at the landing-stairs close by the building.

Paul found Mary waiting for him with much anxiety, but her countenance brightened as soon as she saw her lover, for she knew by his look that all had gone right thus far.

"Are you ready?" was the youth's first remark, as soon as they had secured a situation by themselves.

"Everything is done that I can do," the maiden answered.

"Then I think we are safe. No one suspects us—no one dreams that we are going—none save Buffo Burnington."

"And does he know?"

"Yes. Or, rather, he will know, for I wrote a letter and gave to him, in which I told him we were going. But why do you look so sober?"

"Do I look so?"

"You do, surely."

"I was thinking that I should not have trusted that man."

"Ho—there is no fear of him."

"But yet it can do no good, and all would have been just as well without his knowledge. However, let us not think of that now."

But Mary's words had opened the youth's mind to thoughts which he had not held before, and he now wished that he had not written as he had. He wished that he had that letter back in his possession which he had given to Buffo Burnington. He now called up that man's countenance, and he remembered all its repulsive points. He began to distrust him. In short, he feared that the strange man would prove false to him. But 'twas too late now. The thing had been done past recalling, and he must now run the risk.

"Never mind," he said, at the end of a long debate with himself, "we must go on as though all was safe, and trust God for the result. I hope Burnington is true."

"O, perhaps he is—very likely he is," quickly added Mary, "so let not that trouble you any more."

"I will not. Ha! there is our old friend again. Ha, ha, ha,—she really has become a sort of a shadow of mine for this place."

He alluded to old Hagar, who at this moment passed by the door, probably without noticing that it was partly open.

From that time neither Paul nor Mary spoke another word concerning their flight until after supper, and then they walked out into the garden, and having assured themselves that they were safe they rehearsed their plans.

As the night came on they both grew nervous and uneasy, and Mary was sure that she could hear the beating of her lover's heart as she stood by his side. Billy Mason had watched for the coming darkness, and as soon as he thought he could do so without being discovered, he crept into the boat and hid himself under the thwarts. A little while afterwards Paul went to the boat, and as soon as he found that the youngster was there he repaired at once to Mary's apartment, where he found the lovely girl already the very beau ideal of a young and handsome sailor. The youth next went to see that the corridor was clear, and having found it so, they passed over to the maiden's sleeping-room, which was on the front side of the building. The window was carefully raised, and Paul could see the dusky forms of three of his men below. He whistled very lowly, and they whispered—"*All safe.*"

It was but a few moments' work to knot three linen sheets together, and with these Paul lowered the girl safely to the ground. Just as she touched terra-firma a dark form came gliding up from beneath the shade of the wall, and Mary would have cried out in alarm, had she not quickly recognized her faithful Othewa.

"God bless and protect you!" murmured the noble-hearted slave girl, at the same time throwing her arms about her mistress's neck. But she was too wise to detain the party, so she only added, after she had received a kiss and a blessing in return:

"I shall not leave here until I am sure you are safely off. Be not afraid of detection from your absence to-night, for I will see that no one enters your apartment."

There was one more warm pressure of bosom to bosom, and then the faithful Indian girl glided away just as Paul came out upon the verandah.

"Hallo, my men," cried the youth.

"Ay, ay," responded one of the crew.

"Come—look alive. We must be off as soon as possible, for I promised to be on board early. To your oars at once."

The four suits of sailors' clothes, with the four human beings wrapped up therein, moved at once towards the boat and Paul followed them. Near the landing stood several of the male servants, all of them willing tools of the pirate captain—but they did not recognize their young mistress beneath her disguise, and with a trembling step she descended to the boat; but she had not the power to lift an oar. She sank down upon the thwart where young Mason should have sat, and there she sat, with her powers of both mind and body about gone. Paul quickly leaped to his seat, and he saw at once how Mary was situated; but there was no danger of detection now, for it was too dark for those on the landing to see the movements of those in the boat, and the youth ordered the bowman to push off. In a few moments more they had passed under the arch, and the heavy portcullis came down with a low, grating sound.

Both Paul and Mary now breathed more freely. The barrier was passed, and the road was open. Ere long they struck into the main river, and then for the first time the young man spoke. His first movement was to call Mary to come and sit by his side, and then to release Mason from his narrow quarters.

"Now, love, how feel you?" asked our hero, placing his arm about her shoulders.

"Almost safe, Paul," she returned, looking up into his face.

"And why not wholly safe?"

"We are not yet beyond our tyrant's power," the maiden murmured.

"But we shall be soon," said Paul.

At this moment they reached a point which Mary designated as the place where Othewa had concealed a bundle of her clothing. The boat was pulled in to the shore, and beneath the cover of an overhanging rock was found quite a large bundle. This was taken on board, and they started down the stream.

At length they came to the point where Paul had resolved to land, and the boat was again laid in by the shore. The youth helped Mary out, and then he landed himself. The gold he had concealed about his person in leathern belts, and the diamonds were in a small bag which Mary carried. Turning to his crew, he said: "Now, my brave boys, you will remain here and wait for me until daylight, and if I do not return by the time you can see the distant mountains plainly, you may return to the brig; and there you may answer your captain as you please. Now I am about to leave you—most of my shipmates have ever been kind to me, and I love them. You have the warmest love of my grateful heart, and I shall never cease to pray for your welfare. Farewell—God bless you all!"

Paul would have turned away at once, but Billy Mason sprang forward and caught his hand, and the rest followed his example. The youth heard them sob, and he knew they were weeping. He embraced the noble fellows in turn, and uttered one simple word more of farewell, and then turned away from the place.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

AGNES.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

Agnes sleeps! I sit beside her
Watching with parental eye,
How the golden sunbeams quiver
In the ether, ere they lie
On the forehead of my child
Agnes—lamb-like, undefiled.

Agnes sleeps! While the conjuror,
Memory, seats upon the chair
By my side, a gentle creature,
Who, in years of old sat there,
In the spring-time of her years,
Hopeful, amid many fears.

Agnes sleeps! and she is sleeping
Where the stainless lillies grow,
In the shadow of the chapel,
Where the pious people go.
Going there to praise and pray,
On the holy Sabbath day.

As the angel led her upward,
Leaving two she tired below,
Said she, "On the infant Agnes
Thy unbroken love bestow."
And I vowed a solemn vow
I will ever love as now.

Agnes sleeps! The golden sunlights
Dances on her nut-brown hair;
And the bloom of seven summers
Mantles cheeks and forehead fair.
As I pray to Christ a prayer—
Keep her as the angels are.

Image of her sainted mother,
And the treasure of my heart,
May God gather us together,
Where we three may never part.
Father, mother and the child,
Agnes—lamb-like—undefiled.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

HOW SHE FOUND THE TIME.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE.

"Ah!" said Mr. Nelson, as drawing his chair to the centre-table, his eyes rested on one of the popular novels of the day, "so you have a new book to read, Sarah? Where did you get it?"

"I borrowed it of Mrs. Merton, or rather she lent it to me—insisted upon my taking it because she said, she knew it would interest me, fascinate me indeed. I told her it wasn't much use to take it, for I should never find time to read it."

"But she had found time, hadn't she," asked her husband, a little roguishly.

"Of course she had. She always finds time to do everything she wants to. I never saw such a woman in my life."

"And yet she has four children, and keeps but one girl?"

"And I have only two children, and as many girls, I suppose you would like to add, wouldn't you," responded the wife, just a very little bit out of humor.

"I must confess you have guessed aright, my dear. But I would not have said it in a faultfinding way, but simply from a desire to find out if we can, why you have so little time to devote to reading—why you always have so much to do. Does Mrs. Merton do up everything as neatly as yourself? Her parlors, I know, always seem the perfection of order and comfort, her husband's and children's clothes are always tidy, and she herself, in appearance, the personification of neatness and good taste. But, after all, perhaps there may be some oversight that is kept out of sight."

"You are mistaken," said Mrs. Nelson, emphatically. "She is one of the most thorough housekeepers, I ever knew. I have been sent for there when she has been taken suddenly ill, and so violently too, as to be unable to give a single direction, and yet everything needed was always found without the least trouble, every drawer and closet was in order, and the whole house would have borne the rigid scrutiny of the most prim member of the Shaker sisterhood. And yet she is never in a hurry, and though always doing something, never complains of being wearied. She does all her own and children's sewing, even to cutting dresses, and coats and pantaloons; embroiders all her collars, and sleeves and little girls' ruffles; writes more letters every year than I have done since my marriage, and reads more than any other woman not purely literary that I ever knew. But how she does it, is a mystery."

"Why don't you ask her to solve it?"

"I have thought of doing so; but—but—well, to own the truth, I am ashamed to. It would be a tacit confession that I am in the wrong somehow."

"But do you think you are?"

"Sometimes I do, and then again I think my failures to do what I would so dearly love to, are the result of circumstances which I cannot control. For instance, yesterday afternoon I meant to have emptied my mending basket entirely. I could have done so easily, and then one worry of the week would have been over. But Mrs. Lawrence and her friend from Boston came in quite early, and as you know, passed the afternoon. I could not blame them for coming as, and when, they did, for I had told them to come any afternoon this week, and I was glad to see them and enjoyed their visit. Yet it upset my plans about mending entirely, for of course it would never have done to have littered the parlor with that. The afternoon was lost as far as work was concerned."

"But was there nothing you could do?"

"Yes, if I had only had it. There were the handkerchiefs and cravats you want to take with you next week, which I might have hemmed if I had only had them. But you see I had designed them for this afternoon, and so did not go out to buy them till to-day. And now I suppose the mending must lie over till next week, and then there will be two baskets full. And so it goes. I wish sometimes the days were forty-eight, instead of twenty-four hours long."

"Well, I don't, I am sure," said her husband, good-humoredly, "for I get tired enough now, and I doubt, Sarah, if either you or I would find any more time than we do now."

"Well, one thing is certain, I never shall find time, as the days are now, to do what I want to do."

"But you say Mrs. Merton does."

"Yes, but she is an exception to all the rest of my acquaintances."

"An honorable one!"

"Yes, an honorable one. I wish there were more with her faculty."

"Perhaps there would be, were her example followed."

"I understand you, and perhaps some day will heed the hint,"—but here her farther reply was prevented by a request from his head clerk to see her husband alone on urgent business.

All this time while Mrs. Nelson had been bewailing the want of time, she had sat with her hands lying idly in her lap. To be sure, she was waiting for Bridget to bring the baby to be undressed, but she might easily have finished hemming the last cravat in those precious moments, and there it lay on her workstand, and her thimble and thread both with it. But she never thought of taking it, not she. She never thought it worth while to attempt doing anything while waiting to do some other duty that must soon have to be performed. And thus in losing those moments, she lost the evening's chance to finish the hem; for when baby did come, she was cross and squally, and would not let her lay him in his crib until near nine o'clock, and then she was so tired and nervous, "she couldn't," she said, "set a stitch to save her life."

It happened one day, in the following week, after a morning of rather more flurry and worry than usual, that she went to the centre-table to hunt for a misplaced memorandum. In her search for it, her glance casually fell upon the borrowed novel, and with that glance the foregoing conversation rushed forcibly over her memory.

"I declare," said she, "I have half a mind to run over to Mrs. Merton's this afternoon, and cross-question her till I learn her secret. Such a life as I am leading is unbearable. I can't stand it any longer. If she can find time I know I can, if I only know how."

And true to her resolution, for though seemingly hasty, it had for some time been maturing in her mind, almost unwittingly she found herself at an early hour in her friend's parlor, her bonnet and shawl thrown aside, and herself, work-bag in hand, snugly ensconced in a low rocker beside her little workstand.

"You have not finished your collar, then!" she observed to Mrs. Merton, after awhile, by way of leading the conversation in the desired channel.

"O yes, indeed," answered her hostess, tossing her head to the one side gaily, with a pretty affectation of pride. "Didn't you notice how becoming it was?"

"And commencing another so soon?"

"Only basting on the pattern so as to have it ready for some odd moment."

"But how can you bear to spend so much time in embroidery. Why not purchase it at once? it is so much cheaper in the end."

"For the wealthy, it is, I grant, and for those not very wealthy, if their eyesight is poor, or if lacking in taste and needle skill. But I find it cheaper to do it myself. My husband's salary does not allow us many luxuries, and the small sum we can spend for them, I prefer should go towards purchasing what my own fingers cannot make. I can embroider collars and sleeves not so perfectly, it is true, as they do in foreign climes, but handsomely enough to suit my own and husband's eyes—but I cannot write books, magazines, reviews, newspapers, and they are luxuries more essential to my happiness than those articles of dress, so I do my own needlework, and with the money thus saved, we purchase something that will never go out of fashion—an intellectual heritage for our little ones, as well as a perpetual feast for us."

"But how do you find time to do such work? I cannot conceive how or where."

"Well, I hardly know, myself," said Mrs. Merton, laughingly. "My husband sometimes lends me his fairies to help me. I seldom sit down to it in earnest, but I catch it up at odd moments, and before I am aware of it myself, it is done."

"O dear," and Mrs. Nelson sighed. "I wish I had your faculty. Do pray, Mrs. Merton, tell me the secret of your success in everything. How do you always find time for everything?"

"Do you question me seriously, or only mockingly, to remind me how much I leave undone?"

"Seriously? Yes, very seriously. To own the truth, it was to learn this I came over here to-day. There are a thousand things I long to do, because they would not only greatly increase my own joys, but those of my husband and household, but I cannot find the time. Yet you do them, and you have more cares and duties than I. If you will tell me your secret, believe me, I shall feel under the deepest obligations to you."

Her friend hesitated a moment. She was not wont to speak very much of herself, believing that character should reveal itself by actions mostly, and conscious that it will too, whether it be a perfect or faulty one. Yet there was such an urgency in that voice that had asked it now, that she at length conquered the scruples of modesty.

"I am afraid I shall remind you of 'great I,' if I undertake," said she, with a blush, "yet I can hardly give you my experience, without subjecting myself to the charge of egotism. Yet, as we are alone, and as you seem to think I have avoided some of the besetting evils of this life, why I will reveal to you what you call my secret.

"My mother early instilled into my mind and heart, by precept and example, a few rules of action that I have sedulously endeavored to follow, and which, I believe, almost more than anything else, have contributed to my domestic peace and happiness.

"One of them, is to always have a time for every ordinary duty, to have that time at such a day or such an hour of the day, as is best adapted to its perfect fulfilment, and always, extraordinary cases only excepted, to perform the duty at that time. For instance, my general sweeping-day is on Friday, because to my mind it is the most suitable one of the week. And the best portion of the day to do it in is very early in the morning, for then I can throw open my doors and windows to the freshest, purest breezes we get at all, and I am not disturbed by the din of travel, nor annoyed by the dust, and then by postponing my bath and breakfast toilet, merely throwing on a wrapper and cap to sweep in, till the house is clean, why I am tidy for the rest of the day. Whereas, if I wait till after breakfast, I must spend time to take another bath, and make another change of dress. Now, I confess, it is hard sometimes to keep to this rule. When my sleep has been broken by the restlessness of my babe, or when something has kept me up later than usual the previous evening, I feel strongly inclined to lie in bed and let the sweeping hour go by. But the direful consequences always stare me in the face so ruefully, that sleepy and weary though I may be, I struggle out of the bed—for it is verily a struggle, and tying down my hair, and buttoning on my wrapper, and drawing on my gloves, as my old aunt used to say, I 'make business fly.' And I assure you I always find myself enough happier to compensate me for my efforts, hard though they seemed.

"And then, for a second rule, I always have a place for everything, and always put it in its place, and thus waste no time in looking after things. For example, perhaps you will laugh at it, but I always make it a rule to put my thimble in my sewing box when I leave my work, no matter how great the hurry, and you can have no idea until you have tried it, how much time is thus saved. Why I have one friend, who says she lost so much by looking up her thimble, that she has bought herself three, so that when one is mislaid, she needn't wait to hunt it up. Yet this rule, which soon would become a habit, would have saved her time and money.

"The third and last rule necessary to specify is this; to be always busy, or perhaps I ought to say, employed, for with housekeepers generally, to be busy, is to be in a worry over too much work."

"But you don't mean to say you never rest, that you never get tired?"

"By no means. I both rest and get tired, and many times each day. But rest does not always imply cessation from labor. Sometimes it does, I grant, and when, after any unusual fatigue, I find myself inclined to lie down and sleep, I always indulge the feeling. It is one of Nature's promptings, which, to insure health and joy, should be heeded. And I do not feel that I ever lose any time that way, for the half or even hour's sleep, so invigorates me, that I can work with twice the ability afterward, that I could, if I had striven on with weary limbs and fretted nerves. But many times, a change of employment or occupation will rest one as much, nay more, than idleness. You know yourself, after a busy forenoon on your feet, that it rests you to sit down in your rocker and busy yourself with your sewing. And sometimes, when I have been handling heavy clothes, such as coats and pantaloons for my boys, till my arms and fingers ache, I rest them by taking up some light garment for my babe or little girl. Or when my limbs ache, severely from some arduous duty, and yet I have no inclination to sleep, as is frequently the case after rocking a worrisome child to sleep, I lie down on my old fashioned lounge and rest myself in body by that course, while I soothe, and gladden and improve my mind by reading, always being careful, though, to put by the book just so soon as I feel that I am enough recruited."

"But suppose you get behindhand with your work from sickness, or company, or some other cause, what do you do then?"

"I never allow myself to get behindhand from the latter cause—visitors. I never allow them to interrupt my domestic affairs. I never invite company except on those days of the week that have the lighter duties. And if company will come along, they will not disturb or hinder you if the rules I have given you are implicitly followed. You are always ready for chance company. And with these rules, even sickness, unless long continued, will not vary the domestic economy. But if I do get behindhand, I make it up as quick as possible. I rise an hour earlier every morning, and deny myself the luxury of visiting, till the accumulated work is performed."

"Excuse me, but I must ask one more question. What do you mean by odd times? You said you should work your collar at odd times."

"I can answer you but by some examples. Yesterday afternoon I was going to cut and baste a dress for myself. But unexpectedly, a friend from the country came in to take tea with me. Now I did not want to litter the parlor with my pieces, so I went to my basket and took out a pretty little sack for Harry and spent the time in sewing on that. I always keep something in my basket suitable for such odd times, and when I have nothing really necessary, I take up my embroidery. And then you know we wives are frequently obliged to wait till a considerable time has elapsed, for the appearance of our husbands at the table, and those odd moments, usually to women so irksome, are very precious to me. I always mean to have the meals ready at the hour, but if Mr. Merton is not here then, and being head clerk, scarcely a day passes but some meal must wait, instead of watching the clock or thumming on the windows, I read the newspapers and magazines. I assure you I never take any other time to read them, and yet I am never behindhand with them. And when I have none of them at hand, I catch up some popular story that I want to read, and yet don't want to give that time to, which I usually devote to solid reading. The volume I lent you—Mrs. Nelson blushed; she had had it a week and read only the first chapter—I read in four days in this way. And when I have no reading that I am anxious to do, I spend the moments in writing. Most of my letters are penned while waiting for the tea bell to ring. And hark, there it is now. A pleasant sound for your ears, too, I guess, after the homily I have just given you. 'Please,' and she rose gracefully, 'let great I' usher 'dear you,' to the dining-room."

"With pleasure—yet I wish the bell had not rung so early. I have not heard half enough."

"Have you never observed, my dear friend, that many sermons lose half their effectiveness, by undue length? The benediction at such a time, is noted as a relief, not a blessing. Some other time I will preach the rest."

"I pray Heaven I may have resolution enough to practise what you have already taught. Sure I am, if so I do—my life, what is left of it, will be like yours, a perpetual sermon, and my daily benediction be like yours also, the blessings of my children and the praises of my husband."

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

I'LL THINK OF THEE.

BY JULIA ASHTON.

I'll think of thee when busy day
Is sinking into night,
When song and jest pass fleeting by,
When other hearts are gay and light,
I'll think of thee.

Long, long, shall I remember thee,
When friends and all are gone;
Oft will memory wander back,
To dream of days gone by,
And think of thee.

When old age comes with silvery locks,
When youth and joys are fled;
When not but musings cheer the heart,
When care and sorrow deck thy head,
Then think of me.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

BOARDING-HOUSE EXPERIENCE.

BY MARTIN M'MURRAY.

I am a bachelor of forty,—a delightful existence, to be sure, to some, but one fraught with many painful reminiscences to me.

Some ten years ago, I had the happiness, or misery (just as the reader pleases), to dwell in a boarding-house, and I am sorry to state that my experience, so far, compels me to add, that a miserable existence it is.

The situation of the mansion I shall not delineate, nor shall I inform the reader of the name of the landlady; such was never my object in writing this sketch. I deem it proper, however, to state that the house was a commodious and comfortable dwelling, where board could be obtained for five dollars per week, washing and lights excluded.

The inmates numbered, on an average, thirty, and in that thirty there were, of course, an old maid, a cross bachelor, and a widow. There were, besides, four medical students, who played whist every evening in the parlor,—an amusement, by the way, decidedly objected to by Miss Gall (the old maid), Mr. Constant (the bachelor), and Mrs. Lint (the widow). Indeed, they were always glad when the duties of the Materia Medica compelled the disciples of Esculapius to be absent, for, as Miss Gall remarked, "they had everything to themselves."

When I first came to this house, I was in the habit of frequenting the parlor, for the purpose of making myself agreeable, when I had nothing else to do. Miss Gall (a lady not gifted with many personal attractions, by the by) was always there, in the rocking-chair. She was the first to address me.

"How do you like Philadelphia?"

"My experience thus far brings me to the conclusion that it is a beautiful city," answered I.

"I was always," returned she, "attached to Philadelphia. In fact, I was born here."

"Considerably altered since," I ventured.

She made no reply. In truth, there was none needed, though I thought I had offended her, for, in a rather rough tone, she asked John, the servant, who came to put coals on the fire, why he didn't shut the door after him. I felt embarrassed,—lifted a dirty looking paper, called the Ledger, but after vain attempts to read, laid it down again. Felt more embarrassed. Took out my pocket-book and made a note of I know not what, and, that done, felt more embarrassed still.

Ventured, with a "hem," to ask Miss Gall which was the most fashionable theatre, but receiving no answer, put on my great-coat and indignantly left the room.

About a week after, I became acquainted with, what then I thought, a clever sort of fellow, the son of the landlady. Tom was what is usually called a "spoilt boy."

His mother had always kept him under restraint. She would upbraid him if his breath smelt of cigars, and almost faint if told that he played billiards. He was compelled to go to bed at nine o'clock, and although devoid of all musical taste, forced to learn "The Carnival of Venice" on the piano. A performance, by the way, which he has never yet accomplished with success.

It was, therefore, the policy of this youth to assume as innocent an air as possible in his mother's presence, but as soon as he was ten feet from her threshold, he would, after lighting a cigar, become as fast a young man as any in the city. This was the individual whose acquaintance I formed, and who I wish had never been born. For would you credit it, dear reader, this fellow, this villain, I may say, played one of the most facinorous tricks on me you ever heard, read, or saw. You shall judge.

One winter's day I came home rather earlier than was my wont to dinner, and saw my friend in the parlor, drumming away, as usual, on the piano.

"By the by," said he, suddenly stopping, "how is it you and Miss Gall never speak?"

"Well," I answered, "I can't exactly say."

"Seems singular, too," returned he, "for her loquacious disposition is notorious. How did you like the opera last night?"

"So, so," I said.

"Going to-night again?"

"Perhaps."

That was all for the present. After supper I again entered the parlor, and began conning a newspaper, when Miss Gall entered, her face beaming with intelligence and vermilion, and seeming ready for one of those interminable stories about her aunt, and her father's diamonds. She had always behaved coldly towards me since the memorable evening when I unwittingly alluded to her antiquity; but, on the present occasion, judge of my surprise, when she came forward, took my hand, said she forgave all, was very much indebted to me,—that Tom had told her all, and she would gladly accept my kind offer to escort her to the opera that night. I was mute with astonishment.

"I, madam!" but recollecting with whom I had to deal, "O, not at all,—I shall only be too happy,—confound this fellow's assurance," I muttered.

"The 'Bohemian Girl' is a delightful piece," she remarked.

"No, I don't think it will rain," I replied.

"Please excuse me, as the time for departure draws nigh," said she, and withdrew.

I was alone, and I verily believe was a maniac for ten minutes. I raved, and stamped, and swore; but what for, you will ask. Why I had engaged to accompany a young lady to the opera that very evening. A creature whom I adored; an angel who, I flattered myself, loved me to distraction. Was there no way to extricate myself from this terrible dilemma? I thought of returning and explaining to Miss Gall how matters stood, and that Tom had no authority for what he did; but no, I had said, "I would only be too happy."

I thought a while,—perhaps Eve will forgive me when she learns all. I felt doubtful of this, however, and, after much deliberation, thought best to write her an apologetic note, stating I was ill, anything. I sent it, and went with Miss Gall. The theatre was crowded. The medical students were there, grinning at us—that, however, I didn't care about; but Eve was there, and that I *did* care about. It's lucky she hasn't seen me, I thought.

There was a tall gentleman in front of me. O, how thankful I was that man was tall. I looked upon him as my preserver, and considered myself safe from danger. I was mistaken, however, for at the end of the second act my guardian angel rose up to look about him. I was in peril. *He* knew nothing of it, though. *He* knew not that I was in a state of mind bordering on distraction at seeing Eve stare at me through her opera glass (why were such things ever invented?). *He* knew not that I was unconscious of everything around, for I know not how long.

Eve looked, to say the least, very indignant, and shot glances that lay imbedded in my wretched heart for the rest of the evening. She appeared, however, to be as insensible to all around as myself, and her brother, who accompanied her, no doubt wondered at the cause.

Miss Gall was as loquacious as ever, and was ever and anon asking me some odd question, which I no doubt answered in an odd way. She was desirous of knowing who such a lady was, and I replied that he was no gentleman who treated her in that manner. Here she appeared surprised, but recollecting a story which she told some evening previous, she said:

"But you didn't hear the whole of it, let me tell you," and I verily believe she would then and there have commenced with a tale which I had heard fifty times from her lips, had not the curtain luckily dropped, and closed the most wretched evening of my life.

Yes, the opera was over. My sweet companion said she was charmed, and could have sat all night listening to "'Tis sad to leave," etc. I made no answer, for Eve was just passing. I had serious intentions of committing suicide on my way home.

Miss Gall asked, "What do you think of M'lle ——?"

"Heaven and earth," I muttered, "are all my hopes, then, nipped in the bud?"

O, what a wretched night I passed. I dreamed Eve told her brother she would never speak to me again, and it was the only dream that ever came true, for next morning, when I lifted my plate at breakfast, I discovered a letter. It was Eve's hand. Here are the contents:

"Sir:—I have only to state that all intercourse between us stops, now and forever.

Yours, etc.,
E. B."

I called on her, but was refused admittance. Wrote to her, but received no answer. About a fortnight afterwards, I read in the marriage column of the "Ledger" that she had given her heart (?) and hand to a Mr. Smith. I instantly took a fever, and, contrary to my desire, recovered.

It may not be out of place here to state that I have since had the pleasure of knocking down my evil genius, Tom, and of challenging him to fight a mortal combat, which, to his shame be it spoken, he has never accepted.

BLIND PEOPLE.

Stanley, the organist, and many blind musicians, have been the best musicians of their time; and a schoolmistress in England could discover that two boys were playing in a distant corner of the room instead of studying; although a person using his eyes could not detect the slightest sound. Professor Sanderson, who was blind, could, in a few moments, tell how many persons were in a mixed company, and of each sex. A blind French lady could dance in figure dances, sew, and thread her own needle. A blind man in Derbyshire, England, has actually been a surveyor and planner of roads, his ear guiding him to the distance as accurately as the eye of others; and the late Justice Fielding, who was blind, on walking into a room for the first time, after speaking a few words, said, "This room is about twenty-two feet long, eighteen wide, and twelve high," all of which was revealed to him with accuracy through the medium of his ear.—*Indoor Newspaper.*

To succeed, it is necessary to have the air of succeeding.

TO BE CONTINUED.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THOUGHTS AT SUNSET.

As at the peaceful close of day,
The golden sunlight fades away,
Until each last faint lingering ray
Is swallowed up in night;
So soon our day of life shall close,
And we shall sink to soft repose.
Where blooms the lily and the rose,
And quenched shall be our light.

But all unlike shall set each sun,
According to the race we're run
According as we're lost or won,
That all important fight
That man is placed on earth to wage
In every clime, in every age,
And girding on his arms to engage
For victus and for right.

For as in gloom the sunlight dies,
And threatening clouds o'erspread the skies,
And stormy winds and tempests rise,
That fierce and madly rave,
So goes the sinner to his tomb,
In deep despair, in fear and gloom,
With no exemption from his doom,
No hope beyond the grave.

But as in glory sinks to rest,
The golden day-god in the west,
With crimson shield and purple crest,
Reflecting on the sky,
So fades the Christian's glorious light,
As cheered by hopes and prospects bright,
With all the joys of heaven in sight,
He lays him down to die.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE PHANTOM PICTURE.

BY EVA MILFORD.

"No, it is useless to attempt it. I never can portray that vision of ideal loveliness that haunts my waking and sleeping moments; my lines are harsh and unmeaning, and I no more can reproduce that angelic face, than could I wake you marble Venus to life and warmth."

And Arthur Carneby threw down palette and brushes, and flinging himself into a chair, gazed petulantly and despairingly upon the half-finished picture upon his easel. His reverie was interrupted by a knock at his door; flinging a cloth hastily over his canvass, he cried:

"Come in."

The door opened, and a handsome and fashionable looking young man made his appearance.

"Ah, Beauchamp, is it you?" said the painter, cordially, extending his hand.

"Yes, 'tis I, *in propria persona*, but what has happened to you? You look as pale and haggard as if you had seen a ghost; I see though," continued he, approaching the easel, "you have been riding your hobby-horse all night, and are tired out. What are you painting? May I see?"

And the young man placed his hand upon the cloth which concealed the picture.

"Stop! Not for the world would I have that picture seen by mortal eye. Pardon my vehemence," continued he, smiling at his friend's look of consternation, "but that picture is merely a miserable attempt to reproduce a face that I saw last night, and which has haunted me ever since, but my attempt is such a miserable travesty upon the original, that it would be but an insult to have to show it to any one."

"Who is the fair original?" inquired Beauchamp, with a suppressed smile at his friend's enthusiasm.

"That is what I would give half I possess to know. As I was strolling home last night from the opera with Mortimer, Lovell, Howard and one or two more, I saw at the window of a house in Carzon street, the kneeling form of a young girl gazing at the moon, which you remember was remarkably brilliant; her clasped hands rested on the window sill, her white shoulders gleamed bare in the soft light, her eyes were devoutly raised, and I even thought I could see the tears that glistened in their holy depths. It was a face which has realized to me the vague ideal of beauty, which is the impossible aim of the painter's every effort. To reproduce upon canvass that vision of beauty would make me, what I feel that I never can be—an artist."

"But I suppose you saw the number of the house," remarked his more prosaic friend, as the young aspirant's head sunk despondingly on his hand.

"No, I was so intent on preventing those men with me from seeing what I did, that I thought of nothing but attracting their attention to myself, and hurrying them along, for I felt that it would be sacrilege for their free and licentious looks to rest upon that "sun breathless with adoration—" and when, after getting them into the next street I left them and went back, the window was closed and the curtain drawn, so that it was impossible to distinguish the house from a dozen others. I am hardly sorry, either," continued Arthur, after a pause, "for if she were human, which I hardly can suppose, she never again could look as she then did, and to see her, would only disturb the vividness of the picture, which, although I can never reduce it to reality, will be my invisible model, as long as memory lasts."

"Well, Carneby," resumed Beauchamp, after a pause, "if you can leave the contemplation of this ideal paragon for a while, please to read this note from my aunt, Mrs. Morely, who invites me to come down and make my usual visit at Morely Park, and to bring a companion with me. Will you come? There is nothing very exciting going on there, probably no company but ourselves, and no amusement but shooting, but it is necessary for me to keep in my aunt's good graces, for our family estate belongs at present to her, and she has the power of leaving it by will either to me or my Cousin Richard, who I do not think half so capable of bearing the mantle of the Beauchamp dignity as myself. The reason that I have selected you, *mon cher*, as my companion, that is if you are willing, is that we have down there a very fine gallery of family pictures, which will be quite at your disposal to contemplate, or to copy; my aunt is very fond both of art and artists, and I think you may while away a week or two very well there, and do me a favor by your company at the same time."

"Thank you, Beauchamp, I shall have great pleasure in accepting Mrs. Morely's invitation," said the young artist, but in such an abstracted manner that his friend thought it very doubtful whether he fully comprehended the words that he was speaking, so mentally resolving to write a note, reminding Carneby of his engagement, Beauchamp took his leave, and the artist relapsed into reverie and longing for power to reduce to reality the vision that haunted his imagination.

A few days after this interview, our two friends found themselves seated in one of the luxurious first class carriages of the northern express train, one of the stations of which was about five miles from Morely Park. Here they found a barouche waiting for them, and an elderly coachman who responded respectfully to George Beauchamp's kindly greeting, and who told them that Mrs. Morely was expecting them to dinner.

"We must hurry then," said the young man, glancing at his watch, "for it is six already, and I believe my aunt has dined at seven ever since I can remember; neither one minute later nor one minute earlier."

The two spirited horses swept over the ground in much less time than could be imagined by one unacquainted with English horses and English roads, and the young men were set down at the foot of the long flight of granite steps that gave access to the main entrance of the stately mansion of the Beauchamp family, in time to make a hurried toilette, and present themselves in the drawing-room some minutes before the appointed hour.

Here they found seated a stately and venerable woman of perhaps sixty years, who rose at their entrance, and to whom George Beauchamp, after imprinting an affectionate and respectful kiss upon the withered cheek offered to his salute, presented our artist, as:

"Mr. Carneby, my best friend, and a man who is only prevented by being born to a fortune from becoming one of the first artists of his day."

"And so you love painting, Mr. Carneby?" said the old lady, with a kind smile, extending her still white and shapely hand, on which glittered one or two rings of great value and rare beauty.

"I love it so well, madam, that I would willingly resign all those gifts of fortune to which your nephew has alluded, to pursue it uninterruptedly, but my father thinks the first duty of a landlord is to the happiness and improvement of his tenantry, of a magistrate to the county interests, and of an Englishman to the politics of his country; and as I am, or are to be all these, he looks with rather a cold eye upon my favorite pursuit. Beauchamp tells me," continued Arthur, gracefully turning the conversation from himself and his own merits, "that you own a large and fine gallery. I anticipate great pleasure in admiring the portraits of a family so celebrated for beauty as Beauchamp, especially when they have employed the pencils of all our more famous painters."

"I shall be most happy, I assure you, Mr. Carneby, if anything in our poor collection should meet your approbation," and as just then the gong sounded for dinner, Mrs. Morely rose and placed her hand on the proffered arm of Arthur Carneby.

The next morning on descending to the breakfast parlor, our artist was informed by his friend that their hostess never left her room before luncheon time, and that therefore he had the morning to himself. "As for me," continued he, "I am going to look after some partridges; will you come?"

"If you will excuse me, I should prefer to look at the pictures," said Arthur, with a smile.

"Ah—yes, I suppose so; I did not look to you for much companionship in gunning. Well, come, and I will go with you to the gallery, but you must not expect me to stay for cicerone, when such a beautiful morning for shooting is gliding away; but come and let me introduce you. If you have a fancy for copying, you will find an easel, etc. there which were left by the person who has just been making a portrait of my aunt. So much I learned this morning from old Jenkins the butler, to whom I applied, knowing what your wants would be, even before you had framed the wish."

"Many thanks, *mon ami*, and as soon as I have swallowed this cup of coffee, I will accompany you."

After crossing the lofty and resounding hall, and mounting the magnificent oaken staircase, the young men traversed several long and intricate galleries until they arrived at an arched and carved door-way which was closed by two heavy damask curtains, whose dark crimson folds swept the floor. Beauchamp gaily pushed these apart, and entered, saying:

"I must take one peep in, just to see what sort of place this may be, for I really scarcely remember ever being in here. Old Jenkins said the easel was in a closet near the north door. I suppose that is it at the further end of the gallery," and the young man advanced down the lofty and somewhat dimly lighted apartment, followed by his friend, when the steps of the former were arrested by an exclamation of breathless wonder and incredulity.

"What is it?" said he, turning hastily round.

Arthur stood motionless, his face pale, his lips parted, and his distended eyes fixed upon the full length portrait of a lady before which he stood.

The picture represented a young girl of about sixteen, standing at an open window, her luxuriant hair of palest gold falling in loose ringlets about her shoulders which were bare, and her large, lustrous blue eyes raised with an expression of supplication to the sky. The painter had so skilfully managed the shadow thrown by the deep casement across her white drapery, that the idea of moonlight was immediately suggested to the spectator. One hand was raised, and convulsively pressed a crucifix to her breast, and the round full lips were slightly parted, as if the words of prayer were just issuing from them.

"That picture—tell me Beauchamp—who is it? where is she?"

"O yes, I remember that picture, beautiful, isn't it? She was the Lady Blanche Beauchamp, you know there is a title in the other branch of our family—she lived in the time of James the Second, and was the only daughter of the family and idolized by her parents, who, however, had from her birth, destined her to a convent. She in the meantime, had fixed her affections on a young artist of poor parentage and no fortune, that was stopping at Belleterre, as the place was then called, to paint portraits of the family. Their love was discovered, and strongly excited the indignation of the father, who drove the painter from his house with bitter curses, and bade his daughter take her last look at the world, for her novitiate should commence immediately.

The lover had not left the neighborhood and spent the hours of darkness beneath his beloved's window, and the night before the solemn vows were to be pronounced, which would forever part them, he saw the Lady Blanche stand at her casement as here represented.

"He had the self-command to remain in the shadow of the trees, and contented himself with drinking in her beauty and stamping upon his memory every detail of her attitude afterward, to reproduce it as you here see.

"The Lady Blanche entered her convent and died within a month, nor did her lover live much longer; at his death this picture was found in his chamber carefully concealed by a curtain, and immediately was purchased by the too late repentant father. And it is a family tradition firmly believed by all the women of the family at least, that when the full moon shines brightly, the spirit of the Lady Blanche may often be met gliding along this gallery, where her interviews with her lover took place, or gazing from the window, as he saw her last."

Beauchamp paused, and turned toward his friend, wondering that he did not speak. Arthur had sunk upon a chair, his face was livid and convulsed, his teeth set, great drops of perspiration standing on his noble brow, and his whole manner and attitude expressing at once amazement and horror.

"Heavens, Carneby, what is the matter?" exclaimed the other, very much terrified.

"I have seen her—she is my fate—hers was the face—the form which so bewitched me in London. Beauchamp, I am bound to that woman, she has become a part of my being. Had she been mortal, I would have found her wherever she had hid, but now I feel that I am wedded to a spectre, for her's and none other's will I be to be my dying day."

The gay and volatile Beauchamp looked sorely puzzled, and sadly discomposed; this wild enthusiasm was something so foreign to his own placid and common-place temper, that he knew not whether to laugh at his friend's vagary, or to go quietly and send for a doctor and a straitwaisted coat for him. So after a silence of several minutes he concluded not to attempt just then, at any rate, to reason with his friend, but simply said:

"Come, my dear fellow, you need some fresh air and exercise—let us go and take a long walk, or ride, if you like it better, and at dinner I hope to introduce you to my sister Alice, whom my aunt informs me is expected to-day, to come for a long visit. By the way," suddenly exclaimed Beauchamp, with a look of enlightenment and excessive amusement, but he immediately checked himself, and merely muttered: "I can find out by Alice."

So deep was the pre-occupation of the young artist, that he did not notice the somewhat peculiar behaviour of Beauchamp; he impatiently declined the invitation to walk, and asked for the easel, etc., which had been promised him. These were soon found in the designated closet, and with a feverish energy, Arthur proceeded to prepare a canvass on which to copy the portrait of the Lady Blanche.

Beauchamp watched him for a few minutes, and then, with a shrug of the shoulders and a smile of concentrated amusement and mischief, he stole away.

Arthur wrought on, perfectly oblivious of time and sound; he did not hear a heavy carriage drive up to the door, or his friend's voice mingled with a silvery girlish one, which joyfully greeted him. When the first bell for dinner sounded, his faithful valet was obliged to come and remind his master of the necessity of dressing, or our friend would have remained at his easel until the light failed him.

Mrs. Morley did not appear this evening in the drawing-room, but sent a message to the young men that she was suffering from a severe nervous attack, and should not leave her chamber that evening, and that Miss Alice Beauchamp who had arrived some hours previously would remain with them.

Mr. Beauchamp received this intelligence with resignation, and Arthur with an abstracted sense of relief, for he felt common conversation entirely beyond his power. This, his friend perceived, and their dinner passed in almost total silence.

The evening was not very different, for although they attempted a game of chess, Carneby's pre-occupation so impaired his usual skill, that at the end of the first game his antagonist with a significant shrug, swept the men into their box and pushing a book toward the dreamer, he took one himself and both read in silence until the hour for retiring.

Arthur Carneby passed an almost sleepless night, and in the morning merely drinking a cup of strong coffee, took his way toward the picture gallery. As he entered the last gloomy corridor, leading to this apartment, he saw a female figure robed in white gliding alone before him; he followed, his heart beating thick and fast; at the curtained entrance to the gallery, the figure turned slowly round, disclosing to the horror-stricken youth the form and features of Lady Blanche. With a gesture at once inviting, and commanding him to follow, she then glided between the curtains. One moment the painter stood irresolute, then with a face pale as death itself, but with a firm step, he followed. A nameless impulse forbade him to glance at the picture till he had uncovered his own work, and prepared to commence it, then with a slow and painful effort the artist raised his eyes. There was the picture as he had first seen it, the massive frame resting on the floor, and beaming from within it the same angelic face; but as the painter gazed his hair stiffened with horror, and his blood seemed to become ice within his veins—the figure was a living one; perfect as had been the work of art at which he had gazed before, this was more perfect, the golden hair had a living lustre, the figure stood out from the dark background as no art could have represented it—the Lady Blanche herself had replaced the lifeless picture. As this conviction grew upon the mind of the artist, he seized palette and brush, and with an insane calmness proceeded to carefully and coolly put upon his canvass the form and figure before him.

The day passed on, many hours had elapsed since the artist had commenced his labors, when upon glancing at his model after long fixing his attention upon his own picture, Arthur saw at once that the living form had stiffened into the pictured one.

With a frantic exclamation of horror he threw down his pencil and rushed from the room. When Beauchamp returned from shooting, he found his friend's manner totally changed. From gloomy abstraction he had passed to wild hilarity. An acute observer would have detected something fearful in the vivid flash of the eye, in the burning color and noisy laugh of the excited young man; but Beauchamp was not an acute observer, and merely congratulated his friend upon being in better spirits. The ladies again excused themselves from appearing, and after dinner Beauchamp invited his friend to stroll with him upon the lawn, and enjoy the delicious moonlight. Arthur consented, and they walked for some time up and down the beautiful avenue of lindens which led to the house. In one of their turns, Beauchamp exclaimed:

"How beautifully the moonlight falls upon the eastern turret; by the way, that was where the Lady Blanche's apartments were."

Arthur looked up, and saw the tower standing out in the fair light, and more, he saw an open window at which stood the now well known figure of the Lady Blanche. Her attitude was precisely that of the picture, as was dress and figure, to the minutest details.

Arthur said nothing although his grasp tightened painfully upon the arm of Beauchamp, who watched him furtively, and with a look of suppressed mirth.

After a long and eager gaze, Arthur uttered a deep groan, quitted his friend's arm, and darted away into the grove near which they walked; Beauchamp called after him, and went a short distance in the direction which Carneby had taken, but neither sight nor sound guided him upon his path, and in a short time Beauchamp returned to the house, but the great tower clock had struck twelve ere the wanderer returned, and then he went immediately to his room.

In the morning the excited painter once more sought the gallery. In the last corridor he was preceded as before by the white noiseless figure of the Lady Blanche. He entered the apartment, gazed long and wildly at the figure enclosed within the old oaken frame, then as the blue eyes of the vision were slowly turned upon him, he sprang forward with extended arms. His embrace closed upon empty space, and falling prostrate, his forehead struck with stunning force upon the frame, and Arthur knew no more.

When next he awakened to consciousness he found himself in bed, and so weak in body and mind that it struck no horror to his heart to see the pale face of the Lady Blanche bending over him, and to feel her cold fingers upon his brow. He could neither move nor speak, but he fixed his dark eyes so earnestly upon her, that blushing she drew back. Then the vision was replaced by the face of George Beauchamp, his merry countenance sobered into an expression of sorrow and anxiety. By his side stood a wise and grave-looking old man, who, placing his fingers upon the artist's pulse, and across his brow, said in a low voice:

"He will live."

Then a draught was held to his lips which he drank, and then sunk back in peaceful, healthy slumber.

So days and weeks passed, and Arthur Carneby slowly returned to health and strength. He saw no more of the Lady Blanche, and gradually came to persuade himself that the whole was but a fiction of his fevered brain, induced by the mournful story which his friend had related to him. Yet, some incidents seemed so vivid in his remembrance, that he could hardly doubt their truth, and he resolved upon the very first opportunity, to apply to Beauchamp for an explanation of the mystery.

One delicious morning, our convalescent reclined upon a sofa, revolving this subject in his mind, when the door slowly opened and his friend entered. The face of Beauchamp wore a mingled expression of shame, sorrow and confusion, and his manner, usually so dashing and audacious, was now hesitating and almost timid.

"My dear fellow," said he, seating himself by Arthur's couch and warmly pressing his hand, "I have come to make a confession, and most heartily to beg your pardon. Don't speak; now that I have begun I want to go through with the miserable story, as fast as possible.

"You must know that the picture in the gallery of our ancestress, Lady Blanche Beauchamp, is also a striking likeness of my sister Alice, and she it was no doubt whom you saw looking from the window, that night in London. The idea never occurred to me, till I saw you so frantic at sight of the picture, and then I did not know certainly that Alice had been in Carzon street; but on inquiring, I found that coming up from my mother's place in the country, to visit her aunt, she stopped a few days with a friend, Mrs. Gray, who lives in the house which you noticed. Then my aunt's illness prevented your seeing Alice, and I could not resist the temptation to play upon you a trick. The picture has formerly been, by means of sundry springs and wheels, converted into a secret door, opening upon a passage constructed in the thickness of the wall, and leading to a hiding-place which has another private outlet. This secret was formerly confided to me by my aunt, in case she should die suddenly without being able to transmit it to any member of the family. I had almost forgotten the fact, until your raving about Lady Blanche suggested my trick. After an immense deal of teasing, I persuaded Alice to help me; she dressed herself in exact imitation of the picture and awaited you in the corridor; you saw and followed her. I stood in the secret passage, with the door rolled back. Alice stepped into her place, and I dropped a curtain behind her exactly the color of the background of the portrait. You painted away till poor Alice was so tired that she was ready to drop. I whispered to her to move silently away; she did so, and I rolled the Lady Blanche back into position. In the evening, Alice by my direction, placed herself at the turret window, where you saw her. The next day we repeated the performance, but that gipsey Alice, meaning to undeceive you, turned her eyes full upon you. You darted forward and she backward, so you clasped empty air, and struck your head upon the frame. This, and your previous agitation, brought on a brain fever, for which I hold myself accountable. If you had died, dear Arthur, I should have looked upon myself as a murderer. As for Alice, she has really worried herself sick about it. She nursed you all the time you were delirious, although she has also been obliged to attend my aunt who has been quite sick, but is now better, and will be able to receive you in a few days. Of this affair my aunt knows nothing.

"And now, dear Carneby, that I have made you a full confession, tell me, can you forgive me, and again allow me to call you friend?"

"Yes, Beauchamp," said Arthur, extending his wasted hand. "I forgive you, but my sufferings entitle me to affix a condition to my forgiveness—"

"And that is—"

"That you never again play a practical joke upon any one."

"I promise willingly, and as Dr. Armstrong has said that you might leave your room to day, you will not come to the boudoir where my sister awaits you, to ask a pardon also?"

Arthur joyfully assented, and was soon ushered into the presence of the fair Alice, who, pale and tearful, looked more than ever like her unfortunate ancestress.

"O, Mr. Carneby," said she, extending her hand; "Can you ever, ever forgive me?"

Arthur looked ardently and admiringly upon the lovely face upturned to his, until the pale cheeks were dyed with blushes, and he answered, gaily;

"Not unless you will promise to let me finish the portrait."

Assent to this was soon obtained, nor did the young painter think it necessary to preserve perfect silence during the sittings; what he said, I do not know; but by the time the picture was completed, the fair original had consented to become Mrs. Arthur Carneby, much to the approval both of her brother and her aunt, whose convalescent hours had been much amused by the conversation of her guest, and who had found in him so much to love and respect, that she gladly sanctioned his union with her favorite niece.

A LITTLE GERMAN STORY.

A countryman one day returning from the city, took home with him five of the finest peaches one could possibly desire to see, and as his children had never beheld the fruit before, they rejoiced over them exceedingly, calling them the fine apples with the rosy cheeks, and soft plum like skins. The father divided them among his four children, and retained one for their mother. In the evening, ere the children retired to their chamber, their father questioned them by asking:

"How did you like the rosy apples?"

"Very much indeed, dear father," said the eldest boy; "it is a beautiful fruit, to acid, and yet so nice and soft to the taste; I have carefully preserved the stone that I may cultivate a tree."

"Right and bravely done," said the father; "that speaks well for regarding the future with care, and is becoming in a young husbandman."

"I have eaten mine and thrown the stone away," said the youngest, "beside which, mother gave me half of hers. O, it tasted so sweet and so melting in my mouth."

"Indeed," answered the father, "thou hast not been prudent. However, it was very natural and childlike, and displays wisdom enough for your years."

"I have picked up the stone," said the second son which my little brother threw away, cracked it and eaten the kernel, it was sweet to taste, but my peach I have sold for so much money, that when I go to the city I can buy twelve of them."

The parent shook his head reprovingly, saying, "Beware, my boy, of avarice. Prudence is all very well, but such conduct as yours is unchildlike and unnatural. Beware, beware thee, my child, from the fate of a miser. And you, Edmund?" asked the father, turning to his third son, who frankly and openly replied:

"I have given my peach to the son of our neighbor, the sick George, who has had the fever. He would not take it, so I left it on his bed, and have just come away."

"Now," said the father, "who has done the best with his peach?"

"Brother Edmund!" the three exclaimed aloud—"brother Edmund?"

Edmund was still and silent, and the mother kissed him with tears of joy in her eyes.—*Cambridge Chronicle.*

PARISIAN GOSSIP.

An occasion of extraordinary interest is the annual ball at the Comic Opera of the artists, female and male—the popular performers—of the Paris stage—everybody is anxious to have a nearer view of these people, and hence the tickets are always purchased eagerly. This year the names of the artists occupied six columns of a large printed bill. Alas, how disenchanted are those who attend, expecting to find female divinities among the actresses—they are but ordinary mortals, and very ordinary, too; their mode of life not being by any means calculated to prolong their charms, if they ever had any. This ball usually yields about forty thousand francs to the fund for the benefit of impoverished members, but on this occasion the Russians were missed, as they are wont to be very liberal, and send the richest bouquets and jewels to the ladies. Among the artists present, were Rachel, Cruvelli, Cerito, Ugalde, Dameron, Cabel, Bosio, etc.—*Home Journal.*

Avoid all sourness and austerity of manners. Virtue is a pleasant and agreeable quality, and gay and civil wisdom is always engaging.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

MATURIN M. BALLOU,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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, All communications designed for publication in the paper, must be addressed to M. M. BALLOU, BOSTON, MASS., *proprietor of* THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, *post paid.*

CONTENTS OF OUR NEXT NUMBER.

"ANNE and I," a story by ADA HOWARD.
"JOE LATTILL'S DUEL," a sketch by WILLIAM F. FROST.
"THE STRINGS TO A BOW," a domestic sketch, by MRS. E. WHELPLEY.
"THE FIRST PATIENT," a tale by WALTER GAYLORD.
"THE SOLDIER'S WIFE," a story by E. B. FRASER.
"THE LOST MESSAGE," a startling adventure by CHARLES CASTLETON.
"THE MOUNTAINEER'S RETURN," verses by WILLIAM ROWLAND, JR.
"THAT SCHOOLMASTER ON THE HILL," poem by ALBERT O. CLOUGH.
"FIRTHEL," verses by WM. R. LAWRENCE.
"LILY BELL," poem by J. D. BARROW.

ARTICLES DECLINED.

"THE LAWYER'S CLIENT," "LINES to a lady," "THE Diamond and the Lodestone," "THE CORSAIR'S DAUGHTER," "STATE vs. MANTON," "WELCOME to the ROBINS." "SYMPATHY," "THE Bachelor's Sentiment," and "HIS PICTURE."

SPRING.

We are now in the fall flush of spring—hurring the wind, which has a sad propensity for interfering with our vernal enjoyments, and is about as welcome as a wrinkle to a beauty, a failure of dividends to a capitalist, or the winning of the wrong horse to a speculator on the turf. Yet it is spring, after all. The common is as green as a provincial on his first visit to the city, the fountains are throwing up jets of that delectable cold fish soup, which we call Cochituate, and tax-payers contribute so disinterestedly to support, since they can't drink it; indigent Yankees are spoiling their jack-knives on the unimpressive seats in the mall; nursery maids are promenading their young charges in the open air, and indulging in little flirtations with sentimental footmen on their own account; light colored sacks are worn by city dandies; open calashes roll their dainty inmates over the pavement, and tenants of attics are planting beans and morning-glories in little flower-pots set in the gutters of the roofs, whence they occasionally descend upon the heads of pedestrians sunning themselves in new beavers on the sidewalks.

Almost every one seems glad to throw off his winter overcoat, or cloak, and move his arms once more without impediment. Almost every one feels that spring is a great institution, and decides at once that it is constitutional. The poor feel it. There is no longer need to send forth shivering, ragged children in quest of chips and shavings; there is no longer need of economizing coal-siftings. The balmy air that enters the shattered casement seems to them a foretaste of that world where there is neither sorrow nor sin—nor griping want, nor hunger, nor thirst—nor storm, nor driving rain, or sleet—but eternal sunshine, the all-pervading smile of Heaven, with music, and light, and joy forever. The poor, pale seamstress can feel this, for she can sit at her open window; and though high roofs and tall chimneys and battlements environ her, and circumscribe her view, yet by raising her eyes she can look upon the pure, deep, unfathomable ether, and a thrill of ineffable delight enters the window of her soul with the ray from that far realm. As the light air flutters the muslin curtains, the invalid blesses the genial season, so full of joy and promise in the country, so subtle in its influence as to penetrate even the crowded city; for however cunningly we may aggregate the works of art, we cannot utterly exclude nature. "Drive away nature, and she comes back at a gallop," say the French, in a phrase borrowed from the elder Romans—a sentiment true in all languages.

There are many, doubtless, in our crowded cities, who are sighing after rural delights, and are willing to call the agricultural gentlemen, who supply them with early greens, and radishes, and lettuce raised in hot beds, "too fortunate," as Virgil does. Let us administer consolation to them. We will first point to the fact that the season is at least a fortnight earlier in town than out of it. The domesticated horsechestnut trees in the City Hall garden, and the lilacs in Franklin Street, put forth their buds long before their brethren of the rural districts. You talk about verdure and foliage—there is the common with its elms. Every one of you is a proprietor in that magnificent ownership. Vegetables, you say? Well, the provision stores and markets furnish you with them a great deal cheaper than you can raise them yourselves. Eggs—you may remark, with a wish that you could keep hens. Now it is a demonstrable fact —ask Burnham—that hens never lay eggs. No, no—wealth produces the *ova in urbe*—the country in the city. Your vessels and railroads bring you produce from the south, and the Bermandas, and the tropics, that the soil could not yield you were you the tiller of it. But what prevents your going forth to take the fresh air of the country whenever you choose? There are lines of railroads and omnibuses in every direction, and horses at livery; and if you have but coin and leisure, you can ruralize at will. Thanks to the means of intercommunication, we have the country in the city, and the city in the country.

CURE FOR RINGBONE.—A correspondent of the Boston Cultivator furnishes the following: "Take high wines or cider brandy, add saltpetre as much as will dissolve, and wash the ringbone two or three times a day. One of my neighbors cured one of three or four years' standing, by the application of this a few times."

HISTORICAL FACT.—The average existence of great empires, from infancy to dissolution, has been about 2000 years. England and France are now in the last centuries of that period.

THE PLAYER AND THE EMPEROR.

The celebrated tragedian, Talma, was the friend of Bonaparte, during his days of poverty, when he was cruising about the streets of Paris to see where he could get the cheapest dinner. He often treated the young officer to coffee, of which he was immoderately fond. When Bonaparte began to rise, and the glories of his future career dawned upon his prophetic vision, he said to his actor-friend: "Talma, you shall one day play to a whole pit full of kings." The actor was reminded of the prophecy when, in 1811, he was summoned by his imperial friend to Erfurt, to perform to the distinguished personages then expected there. On the 28th of September, "Cinna" was played before the Emperor Napoleon, the Emperor Alexander, and the King of Saxony. The august assembly was increased the next night, when "Britannicus" was represented, by Prince William of Prussia, Duke William, of Bavaria, and Prince Leopold of Coburg. On the 2d of October, Napoleon received Goethe, and "Mithridates was played. October 3d, during the performance of "Philoctetes," on the occurrence of the line,

"A great man's friendship is the gift of gods,"

the French Emperor offered his hand to the Czar. On the sixth night of the theatricals, the crowned circle was complete; there were added the King of Wurtemburg, the King and Queen of Westphalia, the King of Bavaria, and the Prince Primate. After the fall of the curtain, Napoleon went behind the scenes, and taking the tragedian by the hand, said: "Talma, the Emperor Napoleon has redeemed at Erfurt the promise that Bonaparte made you at Paris—you have played to a whole pit full of kings." Napoleon was fond of the stage, and of the great French dramatists. It will be remembered that during an interview with the pope, the latter reproached him with being both a tragedian and a comedian. But the world was his stage.

ALBONI, THE SINGER.

This enchantress, like Halleck's Fanny, "was younger once than she is now," and when younger had a great fancy for wearing the costume of the male sex. One day, thus attired, she was seated at a public dinner-table, at Berlin, when a Prussian officer made some remarks to a companion, reflecting on her. Her white hand instantly descended on the officer's cheek in no gentle manner. He sprang to his feet, and demanded her card. She gave it to him. The moment he glanced at it, his anger vanished, and he apologized very humbly for his remarks, retracting what he had said, and ending: "I did not suspect you were a lady, madam." "And until you apologized," replied Alboni, "I did not suspect you were a gentleman."

A LEARNED "SOGER."

In the old training times, an old fellow who was hauled up for non-payment of a fine for neglecting military duty, the surgeon's certificate to his illness not having been countersigned by his commanding officer, defended his own case in the following brilliant style: "Perhaps I know as much about military business as anybody hereabouts. I tell ye I acted proper and correct in all I done. I was sick, and I goes to a surgint and obseures his pacificate to that defect, and I tell you its immaticular whether the demanding officer does or does not put his significant to the pacificate, and you can't neglect the fine of,me non-existence (non-attendants)."

BOOK BORROWERS.—Sir Walter Scott used to say that many of his friends were excellent book-keepers—they borrowed books, and never returned them. We know an individual who has a perfect mania for appropriating books whenever he can lay his hands on them. He has amassed quite a library in this way. The other day, showing his treasures to a waggish friend, he remarked that on his death he meant to leave his collection to the city library. "That's right," said the wag; "that's the course for a true man of letters, *whose books belong to everybody.*"

LEGISLATIVE GAMBOLLING.—The members of the Louisiana Legislature, during the closing of the session, rolled wrapping paper into balls, which they threw at each other with infinite gusto. The honorable members, however, were not content with these descriptions of missiles, and commenced throwing volumes of statutes, law, and other books at each other, to the unbounded delight of themselves and audience, whenever a good hit was made. Songs, and finally a "stage dance" was performed.

AN ECCENTRIC BIRD.—We cut the following from a country exchange; the bird referred to must be one of Blitz's: "The scoundrel who took the canary with pug nose, red face, and a light overcoat on, is requested to return it immediately to No. 28 Willow Street, as the bird is a valuable one, from whom no questions will be asked."

LEGAL.—Two weasels found an egg. "Let us not fight for it," said the elder weasel, "but enter into partnership." "Very good," said the younger one. So, taking the egg between them, each sucked the other end. "My children," said Reitapes, the attorney, "though you have but one client between you, make the most of him."

THE CRIMEA.—The last advices from Sebastopol bring tales of sanguinary encounters. The Russians exceeded more than once in penetrating the French lines, and, though repulsed, their steel and fire caused great losses.

STATE OF THE MARKETS.—Prices Current are sometimes funny affairs; for it is said in one of these sheets, "Scotch pig continues dull." The reference was not to swine, but to iron.

MADAME AUGUSTA—whose grace as a dancese once delighted all theatre-goers, is said to be living now in great destitution in New York.

EDITORIAL INKDROPS.

Pinto, lately executed at Havana, was a married man of talent, probity, and great wealth.

Lord Mahon, the historian, succeeds to the title and seat of his father, Earl Stanhope.

The emperor of the French means to take Sebastopol. We wish he may get it.

Two hundred thousand lives have been already sacrificed in the eastern war.

There is no such thing as a bank in California, and the State does not recognize private banking.

The Trinity Church Corporation, N. Y., have been building an elegant chapel in 25th St.

The New York Dramatic Fund Association have now an available capital of $36,000.

One of Martise's pictures, "Noah's Sacrifice," has been exhibited by Goupil & Co., N. Y.

People living in the country should encourage the birds; they are great insect destroyers.

A cow (Alderney) was sold in this vicinity the other day for $200.

Vanderbilt's steam line to Havre has commenced running. With him, trial is success.

Barnum has substituted an elephant for an ox-team at Iranistan.

Copper krouzers—a coin worth a cent—about 120 tons, were lately shipped from New York.

Another young lady was burned to death in N. York, lately, by the upsetting of a fluid lamp.

The Indian tribes of Virginia used to meet where the capitol of the United States now stands.

The furniture of the Brevoort House, New York, lately sold, originally cost $60,000.

The hour bell of the new parliament house clock, in London, weighs fifteen tons.

Grisi and Mario are now on their way to Italy. They made $80,000 in this country.

Willis says he never addressed any verses to the Countess of Blessington.

Constance, 2d wife of King Robert of France, whipped her confessor's eyes out. What a Lola!

Peruvian elover is cultivated in California. It yields four crops a year.

Three thousand and fifty feet of the Blue Ridge tunnel have been achieved. What a bore!

A hen out west hatched an egg bearing these: "Great fire in '56." Where's Burnham?

The American engineers in Cuba are leaving that ill-governed island.

VERY CONSOLING.

Mr. T. eloped with Miss C., and married her in New York, and then came back to Boston, where the bride, accompanied by the bridegroom, threw herself at her father's feet, and implored his forgiveness. "Forgiveness!" exclaimed the old gentleman. "Why, I'm only too glad to get rid of you; and I should have favored your wishes if I had not known you to be so contrary that if I'd encouraged you in the least, you'd have refused the man of your heart. Your illtemper, extravagance and idleness make your marriage no loss to me, my dear child. Take her," he added, to the chop fallen bridegroom, "and may you be happy with her!"

A YOUTHFUL DEBUTANTE.—The Paris correspondent of the New Orleans Picayune writes thus of a danseuse who has just made her debut at the Grand Opera there. Mademoiselle Caterina Beresa is a child about fifteen years of age, and is engaged at the Grand Opera on the following terms: $3600 the first year, $4800 the second, $7200 the third, and a four months leave of absence annually. She is a mere child in everything but her legs (scarcely less large than those of the Parnesian Hercules), her dancing and her pay. She is really a wonderful dancer.

PUNCH AND THE LOBSTER CLAW.—Mr. Bogle, manufacturer of the celebrated Hyperion Fluid for the hair, came into possession of a huge lobster claw, some weeks since, which bore a striking resemblance to Punch, the representative of waggery in England, and he forwarded the same in a neat box to the office of the *Punch* paper in London. The last number of the comical paper of Johnny Bull contains a handsome and flattering acknowledgment of the present, accompanied by a spirited engraving.

HOW DICKENS WROTE.—Dickens affords in one of his letters an interesting glimpse of his state of mind while composing one of his interesting stories: "I have been beset in many ways; but I shut myself up for one month, close and tight, over my little Christmas book, 'The Chimes.' All my affections and passions got twined and knotted up in it, and I became as *haggard as a murderer* long before I wrote the end. When I had done, I fled to Venice, to regain the composure I had lost."

EUROPE AND THE UNITED STATES.—It appears now, according to the "very latest" account, that Queen Victoria and Louis Napoleon —*par nobile*—do not seriously intend to swallow us alive if we venture to defend our national honor. This is kind of them. The fact is, that should England and France seek to ruin the commerce of America, they would merely be planning their own destruction, such is the relationship existing among industrial nations.

HIGH PRICE OF FLOUR.—The present prices of flour in the New York market are said to be higher than at any period during the last forty years. Within the past few days a further advance of twenty-five cents has been realized on all qualities.

DIAMONDS.—These pretty baubles are said to exist in Virginia. At least, one weighing forty-three carats, and worth $4000, was lately found at Manchester, in that State. The "black diamonds" of Pennsylvania are more useful.

SPANISH OUTRAGES.—The New York Albion admits that the case of Dr. Peck, of New York, lately arrested in Cuba, was really outrageous. Is it a solitary case?

A GREAT FLOCK.—A flock of pigeons nearly a mile long, and some 60 feet deep, lately passed over Terre Haute, making a great noise.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL
DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION,

[LATE GLEASON'S PICTORIAL]

For the present week embraces the following contents:

"The Lucky Pilot," a tale by FREDERIC WARD.
"The Maid of Esthwaite Moor," a story by Mrs. CAROLINE ORNE.
"Raleigh's Guest," a tale by Rev. PERLEY POORE.
"The Rival Goddess," a story by ALLAN EGBERT.
"An Answer to Lily Dale," versions by ANONYMOUS.
"Little Charlie," verses by FRANCES NORTON.
"Childhood," poem by MARY H. LUCY.
"The Return of Flowers," lines by WM. R. LAWRENCE.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

A representation of the coast of arms of the State of North Carolina, with other emblematic insignia of the resources, etc., of the State.

View of the four principal grain ports of the north of Europe—Cronstadt, Dantzic, Riga and Odessa.

Portrait of Jonathan Mason Warren, M. D., of Boston.

View of the Residence of Mrs. Rush, at Philadelphia.

A picture of the Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank, Philadelphia.

View of Lemon Hill, Philadelphia.

Portrait of Mlle Nau, Prima Donna of the English Opera, late of Niblo's Theatre, New York.

Representation of the new Breech-Loading Cannon—a very recent invention.

Portrait of Du Cornet.

View of Baton Rouge, Louisiana.

, The Pictorial is for sale at all the Periodical Depots in the United States, at six cents a copy.

Foreign Items.

We learn from the Paris Cosmos, that Mr. Maury, "the American seeress," has been elected Foreign Associate of the Royal Academy of sciences of Brussels.

The Sultan has been pleased to confer the first class of the order of Medjid on Field Marshal Lord Raglan and Lieutenant General Sir John F. Burgoyne, G. C. B.

The magnetic telegraph between Bombay, Madras, and Calcutta, was opened on the 1st of February. The whole enterprise embraces a distance of over two thousand miles, and has been completed in a little more than a year.

The presence of the French at Constantinople has given rise to many great changes and improvements in the Turkish capital. In Pera, particularly, the foreigners' quarter across the Golden Horn, they have introduced a new and more efficient system of police.

It is said that Queen Victoria, with great reluctance, invited the emperor and his empress to Windsor, for the 16th of April. Personally, the visit is disagreeable to her feelings. She likes the family of the late Louis Philippe, and dislikes both Napoleon and Eugenia most heartily.

Professor Gauss, a *savant* much respected in Germany, died recently in Gottingen. Since 1828 he never, for a single night, slept from under the roof of the observatory of Gottingen; he never saw a railroad or steam locomotive until last year, when the communication was opened between Hanover and Gottingen.

In the middle of March the allies had seven military hospitals within the precincts of Stamboul, Pera, and Scutari. The Russian palace was occupied as a hospital for the French officers. The French troops were quartered in the barracks of Danood Pasha, in the large military school, and in the old seraglio, where only a year ago no Frank was allowed to enter, without the firman of the Sultan.

Dewdrops of Wisdom.

The repentance that is delayed until old age, is but too often a regret for the inability of committing more sins.

The thrush never sings in the company of the nightingale; and Roscius was always dumb when he dined with Cato.

There is a good deal of truth in the quaint conceit of an old writer, that "Beauty represents the Deity, and too often makes us forget it."

Mystery magnifies danger, as fog does the sun; the hand that never trembled has received the horrifying influence from the want of a body.

Men are so full of themselves, that everything they do returns to that passion; they love to be seen, to be shown, to be saluted, even by such as do not know them.

The world is full of people, who, making by custom and outward appearance a comparison of themselves with others, always decide in favor of their own merit, and act accordingly.

Man's nature is capacious, unintelligible, and self-contradictory. This is a wise arrangement of Providence, to prevent our being calculated upon, and keep us from being the victims of designing men.

He that has long lived within sight of pleasures which he could not reach, will need more than common moderation, not to lose his reason in unbounded riot, when they are first put in his power.

Many of the empty pots of an apothecary's shop are as gaudily decorated and neatly marked as those that are full, and the bottles that make the greatest show in the street are filled with a colored, useless fluid.

To say that a man is advanced too high to conclescend to teach the ignorant, is as much as to say that the sun is in too high a place to shine upon the earth, because it is so high.

The sun was said to rule the day, and the moon and stars to rule the night; but they all rule by enlightening.

Joker's Budget.

Epitaph—On a lamb just killed: *Peas* to its remains.

If the doctor gets his living by pill age, what does the lawyer get his by? By bad *deeds*, to be sure!

The man who "mapped out his plans for the future," has engaged a score of surveyors to ascertain the "metes and bounds."

For "small change," as good a change as we know of, is a change from poor to good circumstances. Get a pocket full, and see.

"It is a very solemn thing to get married," said Aunt Bethany. "Yes, but it's a great deal more solemn not to be," said her niece.

The sensitive actor, who could not sit in the same room with a tea urn on account of its hissing, has just been killed with a "burst of applause."

"What brutes your southern men are—always smoking cigars," said a young lady to a Creole miss. "Yes, but your northern men, in Maine, you know, smoke herrings," was the quick reply.

Punch says, "Out of deference to the age and infirmities of the senior naval executives, the admiralty intend for the future, instead of styling them 'Admirals of the Fleet,' to dub them 'Admirals of the Stow.'"

"Mister, how do you sell your beef this morning?" "Fourteen cents a pound." "Fourteen cents, eh?—have you got a heart?" "No; just sold it." "Well, I know'd you couldn't have a heart, and ax fourteen cents for beef."

"Talk of the bar of public opinion," cried young Fitzblank'sfather, who had been exchanged, and was at home, with his legs on the family hob; "talk of the bar of public opinion: diddle-de-dee for such a bar! Give me the bars of the fireplace!"—*Punch.*

Quill and Scissors.

There is a Swedish Lutheran church edifice in Wilmington, Del., which, from its antiquity, is much venerated by the inhabitants. The house was built in 1698, by the Swedes, and is one of the oldest meeting houses in the country.

Two machinists from Mecklenburg have established a fire-engine manufactory at Cleveland, Ohio, and just turned out an engine weighing 3500 pounds, intended to throw forty cubic feet of water a minute, in seven streams.

His Excellency, the Governor of Rhode Island, has issued a proclamation offering a reward of one thousand dollars for the apprehension of the murderers of Mrs. Baker and Miss Hamlin, in Gloucester.

A light boat, to be stationed near Minot's Ledge, is to be built immediately at the Portsmouth navy yard. She will be 100 feet long, and about 300 tons burthen.

The Bank of Commerce has just bought a lot in New York, on the corner of Nassau street, seventy feet front, for which the price paid was $230,000, almost equal to $3400 a front foot.

The ship building statistics of the various yards in New York city show at present an aggregate of only 11,180 tons on the stocks, spread over fourteen vessels of all classes.

The number of vagrants committed in Pittsburg during the year 1854, amounted to the enormous sum total of 2100; and this, too, in a population of not more than 100,000!

The Detroit papers say that the number of persons who pass through that city each day is between 1200 and 1400. A large proportion of these are bound for Kansas.

Rev. Dr. Wise has commenced the publication of a Jewish paper in Cincinnati, entitled "The Israelite," which abjures and denounces, in unmeasured terms, the Rabbinical doctrines.

A young lady of Bridgeton, N. J., while in the act of sneezing, came near dislocating her neck; she was insensible for some hours, and nothing but surgical skill prevented her death.

The venerable Bishop of Durham has recently met with a severe accident, by falling upon his own hearth-stone, and by which his life is said to be seriously endangered.

John J. Jones, who murdered Mr. McArdle, at West Point, Iowa, fourteen years ago, has just been arrested at Lockland, Ohio, and taken to Iowa for trial.

It appears from the last British census, that eight hundred schoolma-ters and schoolmistresses in Great Britain cannot write their own names.

The late Emperor Nicholas is represented in the catechisms taught to all the children of his empire, as the delegate and organ of God.

John Balcom, of Pepperell, recently killed twenty-six black snakes. Their average length was four feet and a half.

Mrs. Sarah Gregor, late of Norwalk, Conn., has bequeathed $15,000 to Trinity College, and $3000 to the Episcopal church in her town.

According to the Report of the State Auditor, the whole number of sheep in Ohio in the month of May, 1854, amounted to 4,845,189.

The new Czar gives strong evidence of abiding by the plan traced out by his father, and that he will make no concessions.

There are now in store at Toledo no less than 23,000 barrels of flour, 47,000 bushels of wheat, and 114,000 bushels of corn.

A splended metropolitan church is proposed to be erected by the Methodists in Washington city, to cost $60,000.

It is said that the severity of the past winter in Michigan has destroyed nearly all the peaches in that State.

The books published by the Methodist Book Concern, amount to not less than 1000 different volumes.

S. D. McNeil, one of the most distinguished physicians of New Orleans, died suddenly a few days since.

The present population of Milwaukie is said to be 40,000. In 1840, the population was only 1751.

The English prisoners are treated with perfect humanity and great consideration by the Russians.

Henry Mecker caught in a trap, at Redding, Connecticut, a wild cat that weighed twenty pounds.

Edith Houselin, a creole, aged 106 years, died at Buenos Ayres, Henrico county, Va.

A coal mine in Ballard county, Ky., has been on fire since November last.

The prospects for fruit in the approaching fruit season are good.

Marriages.

In this city, by Rev. P. Stowe, Mr. Benjamin Doughty, to Miss Dorothy Blakeberg, of Quincy.

By Rev. Mr. Edmunds, Mr. John Shepherd, of Minnesota, to Miss Martha E. Norris, of B.

By Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Alexander Baird, of Scotland, to Miss Mary Kerr, of B.

By Rev. Mr. Randall, Mr. Henry Boston to Miss Elizabeth McPhee.

By Rev. Mr. Huntington, Daniel Perkins, Jr., to Mary A. Slade.

By Rev. A. L. Stone, Mr. Joseph Robinson, of Utica, N. Y., to Miss Amelia Robinson, of B.

By Rev. N. Hopkin, John Codman, Esq., to Isabella, daughter of Hon. S. D. Parker, of B.

At Wilbraham, by Rev. Mr. Robinson, Rev. Payson Tyler, of Barre, Mass., to Miss Anne E. Scott, of W.

At Weshan, by Rev. C. W. Reding, Mr. William Ward, of Danvers, to Miss Matilda H. Batchelder.

At North Middleboro', by Rev. S. S. Richmond, of Boston, Mr. J. Newton Lonnie, of Granby, Conn., to Miss Katie Pratt, of N. M.

At Newburyport, by Rev. D. M. Reed, Mr. Thaddeus Hoaston to Miss Lydia Haines.

At Salisbury, Mr. J. M. Jackman to Miss E. B. Flanders, Mr. Joseph W. Sargent to Miss Mary W. Low.

At Worcester, by Rev. P. Stowber, Mr. Husky Wight to Miss Martha H. Thurston.

At New Bedford, by Rev. M. Howe, Mr. Andrew J. Jennings to Miss Nancy M. Coyle.

At Springfield, by Rev. S. G. Buckingham, Dr. James Spalding, of Montpelier, Vt., to Mrs. Anna Dodd, of Lebanon, N. H.

Deaths.

In this city, Mrs. Sarah Nichols, 52; Rev. Wm. Wiley, Surgeon of the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, Barbadoes of St. Patrick's, Providence, and late of St. Nicholas's Church, East Boston, Capt. Emilen Salisbury, 73. Mrs. Mary Brown, 75. Mrs. Lydia Smith, 60.

At Cambridge, Mrs. Mary Hooke, 95.

At Chelsea, Mr. Samuel Bird, 80; Miss Harriet Elizabeth Bird, 23.

At Roxbury, Mr. William A. Vliet, 34.

At Newton, Mrs. Lucy F. Bowers, 22.

At Malden, Mrs. Lucy A. Adams, 41.

At South Malden, Dea. Richard Kimball, 79.

At Lynn, Mr. Patrick McKarty, 41; Miss Ann Berran, 35 years.

At Gloucester, Mrs. Elizabeth Davis, 86; Capt. Nathaniel Whittemore, 73.

At Lexington, Mr. Jonathan Carey, 86.

At Medford, Mr. Thomas Hurst, 46.

At Newbury, Mr. Sabine F. Fairbanks, 47.

At Haverhill, Mrs. Mercy Gile, 65.

At Worcester, Mrs. Anna M. Barber, 22.

At Plainfield, Mrs. Mehitable M. Noyes, 25.

At Holliston, April 19, Hon. Rufus Cutter, Jr.

At Charlton, Mrs. Louisa J. Allen, 33.

At Southampton, Philemon Strong, 84.

At Northampton, Mr. Joel Hunbert, 74.

At Peterborough, N. H. Mrs. Rebecca Diamond, 92.

At South Berwick, Me., Mr. John Stocker, 76.

At Monroe, Conn., Mrs. Lucy Hard, 84.

At New York, Mr. Charles A. Cracksons, 35.

At Philadelphia, Dr. Joseph H. Leer, 48.

In California, drowned at Barnes's Bar, on the North Fork of the American River, Mr. Benjamin F. Kimball, 28, formerly of Smith, Mass.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE SUNNY SIDE.

BY CLARENCE MELVIN.

I only count the hours that shine,
For night is nought to me:
Why should the heart sick wildly for
The joys it cannot see?
'Tis vain to yearn for unknown bliss,
And sigh the soul away,
When God has placed us in a world
That has both night and day.

I only count the hours that shine,
The others, let them go;
We should not mourn o'er fancied ills,
We know they art not so;
While darkness only follows light,
We never should complain;
The darkest hour precedes the morn—
The day will come again.

I only count the hours that shine—
Let sorrow's clouds depart;
The memories of a happy past
Shed sunlight o'er the heart;
Then let the present with its joy,
Usurp the throne of care,
And happiness without alloy,
Will come for all to share.

I only count the hours that shine,
There's light as well as shade;
I scorn philosophy, that says
That "all that's bright must fade."
Enough to know that God has given
A world where sunbeams glow,
And soon the unknown joys of heaven
The earth-bound soul shall know.

I only count the hours that shine,
The rest are nought to me;
Why should the soul roam sadly on,
By paths it cannot see?
And where's the wisdom to complain,
Since sorrow dies away,
For soon shall dawn the golden light
Of an eternal day!

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

A CRUISE IN A YACHT.

BY FREDERICK WARD.

"You wouldn't believe as how I had been master of a vessel myself, and had noblemen and ladies set down to the table with me, in my own cabin, if you heered any one tell it beside myself, would ye?"

"No, I am sure I should not; but you don't mean to say that such has been the case."

"Wal, I just do; little as you chaps think of old Joe Grummet, he's seen the time when he was called 'Mr. Grummet,' and was nip and tuck with dukes and duchesses. There wont be much doing this watch, so bring yourself to an anchor on this spar, and I will tell you how it was:

"Six or seven years ago I shipped on board of a nice little clipper-built brig, bound on a voyage up the Straits to Palermo and Smyrna, after oranges, figs, and things. It was summer time when we got into the Mediterranean, and pleasant, as it always is in that part of the world. It's a wonder to me why I ever sails anywhere else, but somehow I keep changing about; everybody can't sail up the Straits. Wal, when we gets to Palermo, and begins to discharge cargo, the captain comes to me one night, just about sundown, and says:

"'Joe Grummet, you're a good sailor.'

"'Yes, sir,' says I, 'there's some sich rumors drifitin' about.'

"'And I believe you are an honest man,' said the cap'n, looking at me as hard as ef he was trying to make out what my eyes was made of.'

"'I never steals anything but tobacco, sir,' said I; 'only when I have got none myself, and the chaps wont sell it to me.'

"'That's not what I mean, Joe,' says he; 'listen now to what I'm going to say to you, and answer just exactly as you think: If I were to give you a job to do—a very difficult job, mind—would you do it? or do your best to accomplish it even if your life was in danger every minute you were about it?'

"'Yes, sir,' said I, 'I would ef I agreed to.' I didn't want to say I would anyway, for fear it might be pirating, or some such thing, he was driving at.

"'Very well,' says the cap'n, 'come into the cabin, and I'll explain what I want of you.'

"'Is it anything that I should be likely to get my neck pulled for? I don't keer to be butting my head agin the law.'

"'Yes, Joe,' says he, 'you stand a precious good chance to get the kinks taken out of your neck, if you should happen to be caught; but not by the law. However, I'll tell you what I want, and you can do as you like about going. You know there has been a revolution in Italy, and the pope has had to leave Rome.'

"'Yes, sir,' says I, 'I knows all about this; but I'm not going to risk my neck for no pope.'

"'That's just it, Joe,' says he. 'It's to help some people get away from the pope. There is a nobleman who was mixed up with the revolutionists, and the authorities want to get hold of him and his family. Now what we want to do is to get them away safe. Just think how much good you'd be doing saving his family. There are some young ladies, Joe—little bits of delicate young ladies,—and if the government gets hold of 'em, they'd cut them all to pieces, salt them down, and sell 'em for shark bait. Think of that, Joe! Now it's you who can save them. You see that little bundle of letters; if you can carry them safe round to Messina, on the other end of the island, and deliver them to Captain Jones, of the British ship Touchstone, you'll have a nobleman and his whole family saying all manner of Catholic prayers for you, till you are two-thirds of the way through purgatory. But it's no joke getting there, I'll tell you that; if you are caught with these letters you wont be alive three minutes after. What d'ye say—Will you go?'

"'I'm just the individual who will do that same thing,' says I, 'but where will I go to after I have delivered the letters? It will take a week or more, p'r'aps, and afore I kin get back, the brig will be gone.'

"'Why,' says he, 'Cap'n Jones may have something for you to do when he gets the letters; you may take orders from him, the same as you would from me. After doing whatever he wants, you can work your way somehow round to Marseilles, and wait until we come back from Smyrna. There is money enough to pay all your expenses,' said he, giving me a bag full of shiners. 'I suppose there is no use of my telling you to be cautious, as you probably know how to take care of yourself better than I can tell you.'

"'That's an historical fact, sir,' says I. 'And when do you want me to start?'

"'Just as quick as you can possibly get ready.'

"'That will be inside of seven minutes by the almanac,' says I, and I started for the forecastle to get rigged out in my go-ashore toggs. I had a bran new suit of Yankee man-of-war clothes, so I stowed Joe Grummet away inside of 'em, and in was rally surprising how well they made each other look. Putting the money away out of sight, and sticking a big sheath knife into the waistband of my breeches, I went ashore."

The class of words which Mr. Grummet used in this narrative, having been overlooked by Webster and other lexicographers, I shall take the liberty of substituting those in more common use, which, while it will not detract from the interest of the story, will render it more intelligible to the general reader; otherwise, it could only be appreciated by "old salts," and other gentlemen of eminent scientific attainments.

Joe continued:

"I had picked up Italian enough at different times I had been there before, to get along very well among the Dagos; so as soon as the boat which took me ashore struck the beach, I made a straight wake for some wine shops I knew of, where the skippers of the polaccas, which cruise about among the islands, generally fetch up of a night.

"I didn't want to inquire of any ope if there was a boat going round to Messina, for fear they might suspect something. After looking into the doors of two or three shops, without finding what I wanted, I had the good luck to stumble against a Dago who had been a shipmate of mine a few years before. He knew me at once; for no one forgets Joe Grummet—not even my creditors, I'm sorry to say. I pretended to be shocking glad to see him, and so I was, for I could make him of some use to me; and that's what he never was aboard a ship.

"After we had shaken hands for about three-quarters of an hour, I asked him where he was going that evening. He said 'he didn't know—nowhere in particular;' so I told him I had got my clearance papers for the same identical port, and was only waiting for a fair wind; and as I was a stranger, and didn't know what to do with myself, I would like to have him pilot me round, and I would fix all the expense.

"You may believe he jumped at such an offer as that; so hooking our arms together like the links of a cable, we paddled up the street, as friendly as could be, although, when shipmates, we were always fighting about something, and couldn't have hated each other worse if we had been brothers. Being very anxious to keep on good terms with him, I pretended not to notice when he slipped his hand into my jacket pocket, and took out what change was in it. Having searched me pretty thoroughly, and taken all that could be found, he led the way up a dark alley, and stopping before a black-looking old shell of a house, rapped at the door. A savage-looking cut-throat opened it, and after some whispering with my companion, told us to 'come in.'

"Within the house were congregated the usual frequenters of wine shops in the seaport towns—sailors, beggars, laborers and thieves. My friend, the Dago, introduced me to this select assemblage, and intimated my desire of getting rid of my money; and I became at once the biggest toad in the puddle. Before the company separated, I discovered, by listening to what was said, and by a few cautious inquiries, that one of the persons present was the skipper of a polacca, bound on a trip along the coast as far as Messina, and was to start the next morning, providing the wind was fair. Taking him aside, I told him I had deserted from my ship, and was anxious to get away from Palermo, soon as possible. The sight of a sovereign which he was to have, convinced him that both the wind and the tide were more favorable for getting under way at that very moment than they would ever be again. Accordingly, watching an opportunity, we slipped away unobserved, and proceeded at once on board the boat, losing no time in getting out of the harbor.

"We had a good run, and the next night I had the satisfaction of delivering the letters to Captain Jones. While he was looking them over, I went forward to have a chat with the boys in the forecastle; but hadn't got fairly set down before he sent for me to come aft. When I went into the cabin, Captain Jones inquired how I had come, and whether I had any trouble. After telling him all about it, he said:

"'Well, Joe, all your trouble has been of no use so far; the people, for whom these letters were intended, left this place yesterday for Leghorn. If they could have had them yesterday, it would have saved them their journey, and perhaps their lives. Now that you have gone so far in the affair, don't you think it would be as well to keep on and carry them to Leghorn?'

"'Just as you say, sir,' said I; 'I'd as soon go to Leghorn as any other kind of a horn.'

"'That's right,' said he; 'I like to see a man willing to finish up a job. There's a vessel bound for Leghorn, hauling out of the harbor now. I'll have a boat put you on board at once. Here are the letters. I've tied a piece of lead to them, so if suspected you can throw them overboard. When you get to Leghorn, you are not to mention the names of these Italians, as that would lead to their discovery; but you must find out Lord—Lord—Lord something—I forgot what name it was he told me. Lord Savens, I guess—at any rate I'll call him by that name until I can think of the right one.'

"'You mustn't inquire much for him, either,' continued Captain Jones, 'for these Dagos are mighty suspicious. You'd best keep pretty close until you see some English servants; you will know them by their livery. Almost any of them can tell you where to find him. Now, then, you'd best go aboard the vessel soon as possible, before she gets any farther out of the harbor. But hold on a bit; how are you off for money?'

"Haven't got a dollar, sir,' said I—all my money was in gold.

"'Well, take this,' said he, shovelling a handful of sovereigns in my hat, 'and take care you don't get any cold iron in among your ribs. I suppose you know this is not the safest expedition you ever was on.'

"'Don't lay awake nights on my account,' said I, as I got into the boat, and pulled for the vessel.

"We had calms nearly the whole time after leaving Messina, and it was something more than a week before we reached Leghorn. I set to work at once travelling about the city in search of Johnny Plushbreeches. The first day without success; not a flunky was to be seen; but I noticed the police kept a sharp eye on me, and one chap, whose face was all hair and eyes, followed me the whole afternoon. The next morning I turned out at daylight, to have another trial; the first person I saw upon leaving the house, was the hairy-faced chap of yesterday, who commenced following at a little distance behind. I tried to dodge him; but it was no use. Thinks I to myself, Joe Grummet, my fine fellow, you'd best get these letters out of your pocket soon as possible. But how to do it was the difficulty. At last a plan occurred to me which I thought would answer. It was to take a tramp out of the city, and dodge, or outrun the fellow, long enough to hide them under a stone, or in some other place, until I had found Lord Savens. Accordingly turning into a road which led back into the country, I got over the ground at a rate which must have astonished his woolly excellency. He tried for a while to keep up with me by walking, but soon finding that he was being distanced, he struck into a gait something between a trot and a canter.

"Having cleared the city, I began running—so did the Dago; then I tried to dodge him, but after thinking I had got him upon the wrong track, I was sure in a few minutes to see him close behind. I began to get provoked, and determined upon a new plan. Getting into the straight road again, I walked on slowly, until coming to a turn which would hide me for a moment, I started upon the run, continuing it only for a few steps, and then slipped behind a tree, close to the path. He soon came up to the place of my concealment, and as he passed the tree, I struck him a blow under the ear, which made him turn half a dozen somersets. Before he had time to recover himself, I had his hands and feet tied together like a sheep; and my new silk cravat fastened securely over his mouth. Taking him a little distance from the road, I hid him among some thick underbrush, leaving him with the comfortable assurance, that if I had time, I would come back and release him in a week or two.

"I was quite overjoyed for a while at having so easily disposed of him; but upon reflection, it struck me that matters were made decidedly worse than before; for if I returned to the city, his absence would be noticed at once, and I should be held accountable.

"While congratulating myself upon the mess I had made of it, the sound of carriage wheels attracted my attention; and once more getting behind the tree, I waited for it to pass. As it came within sight, I had the satisfaction of seeing upon the box two unmistakable Englishmen in livery. I hailed the driver, but he took no notice, otherwise than cracking his whip at me, and was passing on, when I seized the horses by the head, at which he was in a tremendous passion, and asked what I meant by stopping Lord Savens's carriage.

"'Lord Savens!' said I; 'that's just the person I am trying to find. I've got some letters for him.'

"'Letters for me!' said a gentleman, looking out of the carriage window. 'Where from?'

"'Palermo, sir,' said I.

"'Palermo!—letters from Palermo! Let's see them—quick! Jump into the carriage, my man.'

"I got in, and sat opposite him while he was reading, amusing myself in the meantime by imagining myself a lord.

"The contents of the letters seemed to be anything but agreeable, for he became pale as a sheet, and trembled violently. After remaining silent a few minutes, nervously tearing the letters in pieces, he seemed to be struck by a brilliant idea, to judge from his manner.

"'You are a sailor, are you not?' said he.

"'Yes, sir, they call me so.'

"'Did you notice a yacht—the Dart—laying in the harbor as you came up?'

"'Yes, and as pretty a craft as I ever saw—a fast sailer, I reckon?'

"'Yes, a sailer. How many men do you think she needs to man her? Or, rather, what is the least possible number with which she could be put to sea in a case of great emergency?' he asked.

"'Why, sir, she ought never to have less than eight; but in a case of life and death, I would venture her with only four. But they must be sailors, every inch of them; such men as you could only find four in a hundred, as sailors go now-a-days.'

"That number is just three more than I know where to find; but the yacht must go to sea to-night. You know something about this case, I presume, from what your captain says of you in his letter. Now the circumstances are these: This Italian family are friends of mine, and must be got out of Italy at any risk. I have received information that the government intends their arrest this very night. Every avenue from the city is watched, and the only means of escape is by my yacht. I have a crew of ten seamen on board of her, and everything is in readiness to put to sea; but she is under the constant surveillance of the police. And if she were to attempt to leave the harbor with my friends on board, their capture would be inevitable. What I propose is this: I will immediately return to the city, give every sailor on board twenty-four hours liberty, leaving in their place a couple of Italians. This would draw attention from the vessel to the sailors, who will be constantly watched, so that none of them can return.

"'Now if you are willing to assist me, you can, soon as it is dark enough, swim to the yacht, and overpower the Italians. Use your knife if you choose, for they are common cut-throats. About midnight, or a little before, my friends and myself can come off in a boat unperceived, and under cover of the darkness, get under way, and make the best of our way to Marseilles.'

"'Impossible, sir,' said I. 'It would be impossible for us to hoist the fore and main sails.'

"But there would be my friend and myself, beside the two Italians, whom we could oblige to work—provided you did not kill them. Five of us ought to hoist the sails, although my friend is quite an old man, and could do but very little," said he, sadly.

"'Never will do in the world, sir; being unused to such labors, you would do it so bunglingly, and make so much noise, that the whole harbor would be aware something unusual was going on.'

"I couldn't help pitying Lord Savens, he looked so much the picture of despair, as I objected to every plan which he proposed; the more so, as he was convinced that my objections were insurmountable.

"At last an idea struck me, which seemed to make everything as easy to be accomplished as it was before impracticable.

"'Go back to the city, sir,' said I, 'and set all hands to work washing the yacht, booms, spars, and everything which in washing would be likely to wet the sails, taking care to heave half a dozen buckets full upon them, so that it will be necessary to dry them; then let the crew hoist them both to the mast-head, while two of the men in whom you have the most confidence, must go aloft and put a stop on the halyards, close to the block, so that it cannot be seen from the deck. Send the crew on shore before you go yourself, and in leaving give particular orders to the Italians to lower the sails at sunset. This they will be unable to do, and not being sailors, they of course will not go aloft to see what the matter is. In case they are questioned through the day, they having received orders from you to lower them at nightfall, will allay suspicion.'

"You would have thought Lord Savens had lost his senses, he was so pleased with the plan, and so confident of success. He said, 'Hereafter he should consider it his duty to challenge any man who should deny in his hearing that the Yankees were the smartest people in the world.'

"I had been so busy with my plan, that I had forgoten the woolly-faced policeman in the bush, and to go back to the city without him would ensure my arrest. It was therefore decided that I should stay in the suburbs until night, when I could approach as near as safety allowed and trust to swimming for the rest. As for the man, Lord Savens proposed to leave a letter for the department of police, which they would receive after he had escaped, telling them where their missing comrade might be found.

"As we were now close to the city, I left the carriage, telling Lord Savens he might depend upon my being on board by ten o'clock, and the sooner he could come after that time the better, as there was but little wind, and appearances did not indicate much of a breeze at night, consequently every hour's sailing, before it should be discovered that the yacht had gone, would be so much gained in case we were pursued.

"I spent the whole day in studying the harbor, and calculating the best chances for getting to sea. As I never had been in the port before, it was quite essential that I should have a pretty good idea of the lay of the land in order to take a vessel out in a dark night. A middling sized hill, near the city, was the spot from which I made my observations. Having calculated the distances, and points of compass, I drew a sort of rough chart, which was very useful to me afterwards. The greatest difficulty to be apprehended was in getting on board, as the nearest point of land to which it would be prudent to venture, was at least a mile and a half from the yacht.

"I never knew a day to pass much slower than that one; it seemed as if it would never be night again—indeed, at that season, it is not dark until between nine and ten.

"At last, after waiting, as it seemed to me, nearly a week, the sun went down; but that, by no means brought night. No poet ever said so much in praise as I said to myself against those long Italian sunsets. The beauty of the scene was absolutely disgusting; for I had become quite nervous with impatience, to say nothing of fasting all day, together with the consciousness that my friends, the police, were quite anxious as to my fate.

"As soon as objects at a short distance began to grow indistinct, I cautiously made my way to the point of land at which I had determined to take the water. Slipping off my shoes, and putting my chart in that little water-tight case—which you have tried to steal from me so many times,—I plunged in and struck out vigorously for the vessel, which could barely be distinguished in the distance; calculating that as the darkness increased, so as to render things less distinct, I should diminish the distance in the same proportion, keeping the vessel in sight all the time.

"But in this I was disappointed. After accomplishing about two-thirds of the distance, some dark clouds began to rise from the southward, which completely shut out the vessel from my sight. I continued swimming, however, guiding myself by the lights from the town. After keeping on for some time longer, in what I supposed the right direction, I became convinced that I had passed the yacht; but whether on the side nearest the town, or farthest from it, I had no means of judging.

"Here was a predicament: and I turned to float upon my back, for the double purpose of resting and considering what should be done next. While in this state of uncertainty, the clocks struck ten—the time which I had myself fixed to be on board.

"The emergency of the case gave me an idea. The lights from the city cast a long, bright reflection, as you have seen the moon or setting sun, and I decided to strike out far enough from the city to make sure that the vessel was between it and me; then swim along parallel with the town, and when the rays were intercepted, it would probably be by the yacht.

"By approaching and keeping the particular light shut out from sight, I should be making a straight course; and the rays appearing again, would show that I was deviating either to the right or left.

"This plan answered admirably, and in less than fifteen minutes I was close under the stern of the vessel.

"But here another difficulty presented itself. I did not know in what part of the vessel the two Italians were. There was danger in the event of their being in different parts of her; that while I was engaged with one, the other might give an alarm by crying out, which would bring the police from the shore.

"I swam round and round the vessel half a dozen times before I could decide where they were. At last becoming impatient, I noiselessly approached, and climbed upon the bowsprit. The reason of the stillness was explained at once—a dim light was gleaming from the forecastle door. Softly approaching, and peeping down the companion-way, I beheld my noble Dagos seated upon a chest, playing cards.

"To close the doors and fasten the padlock was but the work of an instant. The forecastle being beneath the deck, they might exercise their lungs to their heart's content without being heard at a distance of twenty feet.

"I was now in complete possession of the vessel, and comprised within myself the several capacities of captain, mate, and crew. My first order given to the crew was to place a lantern, with a small light, at the jib-boom end, in order that Lord Savens and his friends might not experience the same difficulty in finding the vessel which I had done.

"This was accomplished to the satisfaction of my commanding officer. The next thing to be done was to unshackle the cable, and make the yacht fast to her anchorage by a rope, which could be cut without loss of time. I then lighted the binnacle lamp, and took a look about the deck; laid the sheets and halyards all clear for running, and hauled the larboard sheets well aft.

"The wind was from the south'ard, which, as our course was nearly west, would bring it upon our starboard beam. There was very little of it, but what there was made her draw so heavily upon the rope-stopper, as to endanger its parting. I was consequently obliged to ease off the main sheet again. I managed to hoist the jib without assistance, and soon afterwards sat down and waited patiently for the boat which I momentarily expected, as it was now past eleven o'clock. Everything was in perfect order on board. It only required to haul aft the fore, main, and jib sheet—the work of a minute,—cut the stopper, and we should be under weigh.

"As the clocks were striking twelve, the sound of oars was heard dipping in the water, and from the irregularity of the stroke, I had no doubt of its being the boat containing Lord Savens and his friends, who could hardly be expected to pull as good an oar as experienced boatmen.

"They seemed to be in doubt whether to come on board; not being sure, of course, that I had obtained possession of the vessel. At the distance of about a cable's length they laid upon their oars, apparently afraid to approach nearer. There was considerable risk in hailing the boat, as it possibly might contain other persons, whom I should by no means be overjoyed to see; but as it was getting so late, and the necessity of despatch so urgent, I decided to venture. 'All right!' said I, in a low, but distinct tone. Instantly the sound of rowing was again heard, and in another minute the boat was alongside. Beside Lord Savens, there was an old gentleman, an elderly lady, and two young ladies."

"Very beautiful young ladies, I suppose, Joe, or Lord Savens wouldn't have been so terribly anxious for their safety," said I, interrupting him.

"Of course they were beautiful young ladies. Who ever heard a story about young ladies, who were not beautiful? I suppose that is one reason why there are so many homely women; all the pretty ones are used up to make stories of. But I wish you wouldn't interrupt me, if you want to hear the rest of it.

"As soon as they were on board, I went forward and cut the bow line, letting the boat drift away from us, the wind being so light we could not afford to tow it. Hauling the sheets aft, I took the wheel, and placing my chart close to the binnacle lamp, prepared to work out of the harbor. Lord Savens and his friend had gone down into the cabin, with the ladies. I allowed them sufficient time to make everything comfortable, then called down the companion-way for them to come on deck, which they did in a hurry, thinking something must be the matter.

"'Now, gentlemen,' said I—I was too much of a republican to say 'My lords,' although one of my crew was a lord, and the other a duke; and the Italian acted the nobleman to perfection; there was something *dubious* about everything he did. 'Now, gentlemen, what do you think about the probability of our being pursued?' In less than three hours it will be daylight, when our flight will be discovered; and as with this wind we cannot make more than twelve or fifteen miles, at the outside, we shall be plainly seen with a glass from any part of Leghorn.'

"'That we should be pursued there can be no doubt,' said Lord Savens, 'provided it were possible for them to do so; there is no vessel in port which could overtake us.'

"'You forget that large French schooner,' said I. 'We can outsail her in this breeze; but if it comes on to blow heavy together the advantage, or i dying away, they could overl

Lord Savens, who had quite safe from the time the v ings, was quite taken aback case.

"Now, what I want to h continued, "is this. Which the captain?" They both in take full charge. "Very wel do so; but only upon these first place, I suppose it is ab to you whether you go to captured by the Dagos?"

"Well, then, if I am to be obey my orders in every parti seem reasonable to you or no of our being pursued, no m the expedients which I may escape, I don't want to hear of remonstrance."

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It was useless to keep we were, for I could calcula long it would take to come sequently I determined, as six miles the weather gun, dead to windward. This w long the case possibly mi might dodge them in the give us an additional ch daylight, in beating against bring us between Corsica the main land on the other pushed, I resolved to run keep close in where there w water to float the larger ve

Not knowing the coast, t ger of running aground, n consequently I resolved to d extremity. In order to lay the wind, it was of course aft the fore and main she matter in a ten-knot breeze it. Calling down the co Savens came upon deck, a lighted at the rate we were.

"Ah ha, Mr Grummet," hands, "this is what I lik in Marseilles by to-morrow

"If you should be ther member me to my friends to be there for a month think of that craft astern?

As may be supposed, he of delight at seeing his lat near him. It was decid should know nothing about the old gentleman could b us, we did not disturb h Lord Savens what I had d ing, which met with his ap make little difference, thou it or not, for having taken I made up my mind to d thought best.

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"What do you call me asked Lord Savens. "I parson you want."

"No," replied I, "I wi ling for a hundred just no a man who could take the craft with her head toward I have, are more or less ast another land. The wind though, may give us ocea of one sooner than we ot

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I was rather doubtful ab took the wheel, for there between steering and stee watching him for a few m ably disappointed, he kept could myself.

The first thing to be don the Dagos, and make th must work. Unlocking th panion-way, I called them

Hardly knowing how to time for consideration, I down, and having first tak I made a most affectionat

"Now you homely look gan, in frightful Italian, "

if it comes on to blow heavy, they will have altogether the advantage, or in case of the wind dying away, they could overhaul as with boats.'

Lord Savens, who had considered himself quite safe from the time the vessel left her moorings, was quite taken aback by this view of the case.

"Now, what I want to have understood," I continued, "is this: Which of us three is to be the captain?" They both insisted that I should take full charge. "Very well, gentlemen, I will do so; but only upon these conditions: In the first place, I suppose it is about the same thing to you whether you go to the bottom, or are captured by the Dagos?" They both nodded. "Well, then, if I am to be captain, you must obey my orders in every particular, whether they seem reasonable to you or not; and in the event of our being pursued, no matter how perilous the expedients which I may resort to in order to escape, I don't want to hear so much as a word of remonstrance."

They promised implicit obedience, which I immediately put to the test by ordering them both down into the cabin to get what sleep they could before morning, as they might feel the need of it before another opportunity.

The wind continued much the same through the night; but as morning dawned it began to breeze up, and appearances indicated that we might expect something in the shape of a gale of wind before another night. As the light increased, I looked back toward the city. It was still too dark to distinguish objects at any considerable distance; but I fancied that I could discern something not far astern, which looked wonderfully like the sails of a vessel. I tried to make myself believe it was only fancy, and strained my eyes to make sure. At one moment I was positive the form of a vessel could be made out in the dim light; at another, equally sure there was nothing in sight. At last, tired of the uncertainty, I determined not to look again until it should be light enough to be sure. For the next half hour I kept my eyes fixed on the compass, by which time it had become light enough to see plainly anything between us and the horizon. On looking astern, I saw at a distance of about five miles, the identical French schooner of which I had spoken to Lord Savens. She was a much larger craft than ours, spreading nearly three times the canvass we could show; but I soon discovered we were going ahead at about five knots to her four. For the next two hours we continued going at about the same rate, increasing the distance between us to nearly seven miles, when the wind suddenly hauled round into the southeast, and blew quite fresh. She got the breeze about the same time; her larger sails gave her a decided advantage, and in half an hour she gained on us largely.

It was useless to keep on any longer, as we were, for I could calculate to a minute how long it would take to come up with us, consequently I determined, as we had now about six miles the weather guage of her, to beat dead to windward. This would not only prolong the chase possibly until night, when we might dodge them in the darkness, but also give us an additional chance of escape by daylight, in beating against the wind. It would bring us between Corsica on one hand, and the main land on the other; and, if very hard pushed, I resolved to run for the land, and keep close in where there would not be enough water to float the larger vessel.

Not knowing the coast, there would be danger of running aground, or striking a rock; consequently I resolved to do so only in the last extremity. In order to lay the yacht close to the wind, it was of course necessary to haul aft the fore and main sheets; no very easy matter in a ten-knot breeze, with so few to do it. Calling down the companion-way, Lord Savens came upon deck, and seemed quite delighted at the rate we were going.

"Ah ha, Mr. Grummet," said he, rubbing his hands, "this is what I like to see; we shall be in Marseilles by to-morrow morning."

"If you should be there so soon, just remember me to my friends. I do not expect to be there for a month yet. What do you think of that craft astern?"

As may be supposed, he was not in ecstacies of delight at seeing his late Italian friends so near him. It was decided that the ladies should know nothing about the chase, and as the old gentleman could be of little service to us, we did not disturb him. I explained to Lord Savens what I had determined upon doing, which met with his approbation; it would make little difference, though, whether he liked it or not, for having taken charge of the vessel, I made up my mind to do precisely what I thought best.

"If I only had one good man with me now," said I, partly to myself, as I was thinking how it was possible to get the sheets hauled aft.

"What do you call me but a good man?" asked Lord Savens "I take it it is not a parson you want."

"No," replied I, "I would not give a shilling for a hundred just now; what I want is a man who could take the wheel and keep the craft with her head towards Corsica—parsons, I believe, are more accustomed to steering for another land. The want of a good sailor now, though, may give us occasion for the services of one sooner than we otherwise should."

"If all you want is a man to steer," said he, "I can do that for you as well as any other."

I was rather doubtful about this when he first took the wheel; for there is a great difference between steering and steering well—but upon watching him for a few minutes, I was agreeably disappointed; he kept her almost as well as could myself.

The first thing to be done now was to release the Dagos, and make them understand they must work. Unlocking the door of the companion-way, I called them up.

Hardly knowing how to begin, and to gain time for consideration, I knocked them both down; and having first taken their knives away, I made a most affectionate speech to them:

"Now you homely looking pirates," I began, in frightful Italian, "you are aboard my ship trying to steal a passage to a respectable country. I happen to know you would both have been hung for your crimes had you remained in Leghorn; and that the law may not be cheated of its due, I shall throw each of you overboard—mind that. I am willing, however that you should five a little while longer, provided you will work; so long as you work well, I will spare you; but the minute I catch one of you trying to soger, overboard you go. Now turn to and haul those sheets aft."

They took hold with a will, and in a few minutes the yacht was going along within three points and a half of the wind.

"Now, you rascals, come aft on the quarter-deck, and stay until you are wanted; so that I can see you, and be able to shoot the first one who looks pleased to see that schooner coming up with us."

The schooner hauled her wind as soon as our change of course was noticed, and stood on the same tack.

It was now a fair trial of speed, the schooner could sail faster, but the yacht could lay closer to the wind. For an hour the distance between us remained about the same, and I was quite confident of keeping out of her way until night, when I would change my course and run for Malta.

But the wind commenced hauling farther to the eastward, heading us off more and more, until it finally chopped round into the northeast, where it stayed, and began to blow a gale. This change completely upset all my calculations; the schooner was now to windward, and coming down upon us like a thirty two pound shot.

Easing off the sheets wing and wing, we stood away before the wind. There was now absolutely no hope of escaping, except by another change of wind, of which there was no probability. The yacht having very sharp bows, plunged considerably, and buried herself badly in the heavy sea, which was rising—she would have done much better if there had been less sail on her, but we were too short-handed to think of taking a reef. The schooner, on the contrary, had just the wind in which she could sail best, and was coming up with us hand over hand. I almost despaired myself, but determined to make an effort to get to windward again; the chances were desperate, but so were we. As the schooner came nearer, I gradually hauled in the sheets, so that I could come round suddenly, and luff up into the wind without loss of time. I was fearful at first they meant to run us down; but when within a short distance, they put their helm to port, and run down upon our starboard beam, about a hundred fathoms from us. A man upon the quarter-deck, whom I recognized as one of the police, hailed me, to "lower my fore and mainsail, and stand away under the jib."

"Ay, ay, sir, soon as I can luff up into the wind," I answered.

The apparent hopelessness of our condition deceived them as to our intentions, and they run some distance to leeward, while we were getting the yacht round to the wind. But having got the sheets hauled aft, I laid her close to the wind as possible, and stood for the northward.

While this was going on, they had been busy on board the schooner in launching a boat; but upon perceiving our trick, they instantly hoisted it in, and hauling aft their sheet, stood after us.

By this manner we had gained a quarter of a mile to the windward, but the wind was so strong, that it was doubtful how long we should be able to run. Every puff of the gale threatened to carry the masts over the sides, and the yacht was laying over so that the water was running through the lee-scuppers like a mill-stream.

The method by which I could gain the most from the schooner was to tack frequently, as the yacht would come about much sooner and without losing headway. This we accomplished several times, the schooner instantly coming about after us.

I don't know how long we should have continued this game—probably until we had lost our masts—if the Dagos had not, as we were tacking for the last time, let go the sheets, instead of making them fast, as they should have done, while the sails were shivering in the wind. By this we, of course, lost headway, and drifted rapidly off to leeward.

Giving the wheel to Lord Savens, I managed to get the sheets aft again, just in time to save us from drifting under the bow of the schooner. The Dagos having accomplished this nice job for us, bid themselves in the forecastle, to wait until our capture, which now it seemed inevitable, would take place.

Having got to the wind again, we were so near the schooner, that I could have pitched a biscuit aboard—being on the same tack exactly abreast of each other, and going through the water at a tremendous rate. The wind coming stronger and stronger, I expected every moment to see some of the rigging give way, or the sails blown from the bolt-ropes. The sea was making a clean breach from the weather bow to the tafferel, occasionally dropping a few hogsheads into the cabin.

This state of things could not continue long—something must have parted; but as I could see the schooner was as badly off as ourselves, I determined to trust to luck. The schooner's masts were bending and springing like a whipstick with every plunge; her greater spread of canvass was now against her, and it became evident that, unless we reefed the sails down very soon, both would be dismasted. But with us, reefing was impossible; and had they stopped, we should have escaped.

After continuing this course for a short time, I saw a heavy squall coming down upon us from the windward, dashing the spray high into the air, and beating down the waves before it, till the sea foamed and boiled like a pot. The unbroken line of white foam which marked the edge of the approaching squall, came down like a flash; it was hardly a minute from the time I first saw it in the horizon, before it was within a mile of us. I had but an instant to prepare; so taking a turn around my body with the end of the main sheet, making the bight fast to the wheel stanchion, and bracing my feet against the grating, I grasped the wheel spokes, ready to put the helm hard down in an instant. A mistake of the fraction of a second, in luffing to the wind, would have been fatal to us.

The squall was now close aboard—yelling and screeching as it came down, and rolling up a huge wave before it, which threatened to engulf us. At the exact moment I jammed the helm hard a-lee, and crouching down, clung to the wheel stanchion like a barnacle. It was not a second too soon, for the yacht was hardly into the wind before the squall struck. For a few moments I could not tell whether we were sinking or not, as, simultaneously with the squall, a monstrous sea broke over the bows, sweeping the deck of everything movable, and burying me till I was nearly strangled. At the same time I heard a crashing and snapping of spars and rigging, but whether our own or not, I could not tell, blinded as I was with the water.

The yacht slowly rose, freeing herself with a shake from the weight on the deck, and I had the satisfaction of hearing the deafening noise of our own sails, as they were slatting and shivering in the wind. Lord Savens, who had been in the cabin while this was taking place—there having been no necessity of more than one of us exposing ourselves—came upon deck the instant the pressure of water upon the cabin doors would allow him to open them. With his assistance, I got the yacht again to the wind, which, now that the squall was over, had abated considerably in violence. This done, we had time to look for the schooner; she had not fared so well. Her helmsman had continued on the same tack as long as I had, putting his helm down at the same time. But this did not answer at all, for the schooner being so much larger, took longer time in coming up into the wind; consequently, while the squall struck us right ahead, it struck him well on the bow—and as squalls up the Straits seldom make any allowance for errors in judgment, it took their masts over the side as clean as it could have been done by the ship's carpenter with an axe—and they were now laying helpless as a log, while we were dancing along with whole spars and a fair wind.

I had promised the Dagos that I would throw them overboard; and I didn't like to disappoint them, particularly after the trick they had played me in letting go the sheets. So putting the yacht about once more, I ran up within speaking distance of the schooner, and requested the people on board "to carry my best wishes to my friends in Leghorn, particularly the woolly-faced policeman." To judge from their looks, they were not at all delighted with their situation; so going into the forecastle, I pulled out, one at a time, the Dagos from their hiding-places, and taking them on deck, administered an able seaman's kick with my heavy sea boots, discharging them from my employ and the deck of the yacht at the same time.

Having waited to see them swim to the schooner, we squared away for Marseilles, and the next day at noon were laying under the guns of a British man-of-war. So, that's how I came to be captain of a vessel.

"But did not Lord Savens reward you for your exertions in his behalf?"

"O, yes, after I had stayed a month or so on board the yacht at Marseilles, and refused to stay any longer—although he wanted me to go captain of her, which I didn't care to do, it was too lazy a life for me—he made me a handsome present. And awhile after that, when he was married to one of those Italian ladies, they sent me another present. That's how I came by that money in the savings bank, you know."

EXECUTION OF A GREEK PIRATE.

A Constantinople correspondent of a London paper states that a Greek pirate was lately hanged in the fish-market of Galata. Seven of these miscreants were captured some months since. Whether they formed part of a band which had a short time since massacred the crew of a vessel called the Harriet, is not known, but they attacked one of the boats of the Chaptal, French steamer, were captured, and taken to Constantinople. The French authorities insisted on justice being done, and the pirates were sent to the bagnio, and after the usual delays their trial was fixed; but in this prison the mortality is great, and before they were brought up to receive their doom, five out of the seven had died. Of the remaining two, one was hanged, and the other sentenced to the galleys for life. An execution seldom takes place in Constantinople, but it is conducted after the old form, with very little ceremony. Three or four "cavasses" take the culprit, and march him to the spot appointed; they then look about for a strong hook or peg in some wall or projecting shop front, and when they have found it, they quietly pull the offender up until his feet are some eight or ten inches from the ground. They then leave him, retire to a short distance, and begin to talk and smoke. When the man is dead, they take him down, put him on a stretcher, and carry him off. This is the way in which Greek fanariotes, Armenian bankers, and even highed-placed pashas suffered in days past; but death is now reserved for the vilest offenders, and the punishment would not have been carried out in this instance, had it not been for the representations of a foreign authority.

THE MUSES.

The Muses are described in Mythology as daughters of Jupiter and Mnemosyne. They were believed to preside over poetry, music, and all the liberal arts and sciences, and were generally allowed to be nine in number.

Calliope presided over epic poetry and eloquence, and is represented as holding a close-rolled parchment, and sometimes a trumpet.

Clio was the goddess of history, and is represented holding a half-open scroll.

Melpomene, the inventress and goddess of tragedy, is represented as holding a tragic mask, or bowl and dagger.

Erato presided over lyric, tender, and amorous poetry. She is represented as crowned with roses and myrtle, holding a lyre in her hand.

Terpsichore was the goddess of dancing, and is represented crowned with laurel, and holding a musical instrument.

Urania, the muse of Astronomy, is represented as holding a globe and a rod, with which she points out objects.

Thalia was the patroness of comedy. She was called "The Blooming One," with fair flowing hair, and generally holds a comic mask.

Polymnia, the ninth muse, presided over singing and rhetoric. She was represented veiled in white, holding a sceptre in her left hand, and with her right raised, as if ready to harangue.

[Translated from the German for The Flag of our Union.]

THE GOOD BARGAIN.

BY WILLIAM A. KENYON.

Once (before Christian charities, temperance societies, and popular governments were common) a countryman drove his cow to market, and sold her for seven dollars. On his way home he was obliged to pass a pond hole, in which, while yet a good distance off, he heard the frogs crying, "Ake, ake, ake, ake!"

"Ay!" said he to himself, "sing it out to the cat-bird; it is seven dollars I have exchanged, not eight."

When he came to the water, he called out to them, "Dumb brutes that you are, don't you know better? It is seven, not eight."

But the frogs persisted in their "Ake, ake, ake, ake!"

"Well, then, if you wont believe it, I will count them to you." So he took the money out of his pocket, and counted off the seven dollars, five and twenty four pennies to every one.

But the frogs cared nothing for his reckoning, and continued to cry, "Ake, ake, ake, ake!"

"Well," exclaimed the countryman, fairly vexed, "if you think you know better than I, just count them yourselves," and he threw the money into the water. He remained standing there, expecting to wait till they were ready to bring him back his own; but the frogs persevered in their intent, calling out, "Ake, ake, ake, ake!" without interruption, and did not throw the money back. He continued to wait for a good while, till night came on, and he was obliged to go home. Then he turned to abusing the frogs, and called out to them:

"You water puddlers! you numskulls! you wooden-heads! you have got a great mouth, and can scream till you split one's ears; but you cannot count seven dollars,—do you think I will wait here till you are ready?"

So he went along; but the frogs kept on crying, "Ake, ake, ake, ake!" behind him, until he reached his home, in a very freiful mood.

After a while, he had another cow, which he slaughtered, and reckoned that, if he sold the meat well, he should make as much as both cows were worth, and have the hide remaining.

Now when he went to the village with the meat, there were a great many dogs collected about the gate, with a large greyhound at their head. This latter sprang up towards the meat and barked, "Wow, wow, wow." Before he had fairly ceased, the countryman said to him:

"Yes, I understand, you say 'wow, wow,' because you want a piece of the meat; but I should look well if I were to give it to you."

The dog answered nothing but "Wow, wow!"

"Will you not eat any of it, and be responsible for your comrades, also?"

"Wow wow," said the dog.

"Well, if you adhere to that, I will let you have it; I know you, and know whose servant you are. But I will tell you this—I must have the money within three days—you can just bring it to me."

With that he delivered the meat, and turned about again. The dogs received it, and barked loudly. The countryman, still hearing them when he had gone a considerable distance, said to himself, "Listen! they are all crying wow, wow, but the big one must answer to me."

When the third day came, the countryman thought, "This evening you will have the money in your pocket," yet no one came to settle with him.

"There is no more depending upon anybody," said he; and finally he lost all patience, so that he went to the butcher in the village, and demanded his money. The butcher thought it was a joke, at first, but the countryman said:

"Jesting aside, I will have my pay. Did not your great dog bring home the whole carcase of the slaughtered cow, three days ago?"

At that the butcher flew into a passion, seized a broomstick, and chased him away.

"Wait," said the countryman; "there is justice in the world yet," and he went to the royal palace and requested a hearing.

He was conducted before the king, who sat there with his daughter, and asked what misfortune had befallen him.

"O," said he, "the frogs and the dogs have taken my property away, and the butcher has paid me for it with blows." And then he related circumstantially how it had happened.

Upon this, the king's daughter burst into a loud laugh, and the king said:

"I cannot give you satisfaction in the case, but, instead of that, you shall have my daughter for your wife; never in her life did she laugh as just now at you, and I promised to give her to the one who made her laugh. You may thank God for your luck."

"O," replied the countryman, "I cannot take her, by any means,—I have at home, now, only one single wife, and when I come into the house it seems as though there was one in every corner."

At this the king was angry, and said:

"If you are such a clown, you must have another sort of compensation. You may retire for the present, but after three days, come again, and five hundred shall be paid to you in full."

When the countryman came out before the door, the sentry said to him, "You have made the king's daughter laugh, therefore you will get something right."

"Yes, I believe that," answered the countryman; "five hundred are to be paid to me."

"Look here," said the soldier, "give me some of it. What will you contrive to do with so much money?"

"Well," said the countryman, "since it is you, you shall have two hundred. Announce yourself to the king three days hence, and let it be paid to you."

A Hebrew, who had been standing near and overheard this conversation, called to the countryman, and held him by the coat, saying:

"God's wonder, but you are a lucky child! I will exchange it for you. I will turn it into small coin for you. What would you do with the hard dollars?"

"Jew," said the countryman, "you can still have three hundred; give me the amount in small money and in three days it will be paid to you by the king."

The Hebrew, delighted by the prospect of a little gain, soon brought the amount in base coin, of which three were worth as much as two that are good.

After the lapse of the three days, the countryman appeared before the king.

"Strip off his coat," said the latter, "he shall have his five hundred."

"O," said the countryman, "they do not belong to me now; I have given two hundred to the sentinel, and three hundred the Hebrew has exchanged for me. By just right there is nothing at all due me."

Meanwhile, the Hebrew and the soldier came in to desire their own, which they had won from the countryman, and they received the lashes, well measured out to them. The soldier endured it very patiently, having already learned how it relished; but the Hebrew screamed out piteously, in his misery, "Are these the dollars?"

The king was pleased to laugh at the countryman, and when all anger was passed, he said:

"Since you have lost your recompense before you received it, I will make you amends. Go into my treasury and take as much gold as you choose."

The countryman did not let it be said the second time, but stuffed into his wide pockets all they would contain. Afterwards he went into the public house and counted over his money. The Hebrew secretly slipped up behind him, and heard him mutter to himself, "The rogue of a king has led me behind the light, after all. If he had only given me the money himself, I should have known how much I had. How can I know now whether what I have pocketed in this way is correct?"

"God preserve those who speak disrespectfully of the king," said the Hebrew to himself; "I will go and inform of him. I shall by that means obtain a reward, and he will be punished."

When the king heard of the countryman's talk, he was displeased, and commanded the Hebrew to go and bring in the offender.

The Hebrew hastened, and said to the countryman: "You must come before the lord king directly, just as you are."

"I know better what is suitable," answered the countryman. "I must first get me a new coat such as I think you a man who has so much money in his pocket should appear there in this old ragged coat!"

The Hebrew, finding the countryman was not to be brought without another coat, and fearing, if the king lost his anger, he should lose his reward and the countryman his punishment, said:

"I will lend you a beautiful coat for the short time, just for friendship's sake. What will not men do for love?"

The countryman, being pleased with this, put on the Hebrew's coat and went along with him.

The king held the countryman to account concerning the base language the Hebrew had informed of.

"O," said the countryman, "what a Jew says is always false; never a word of truth issues from their lips. The churi there is wealthy, and asserts that I have got on his coat."

"What if I do," shrieked the Hebrew, "is the coat not mine? Did I not loan it to you, out of friendship, that you might come before the lord king?"

When the king heard this, he said:

"The Hebrew has certainly betrayed one or the other,—either me or the countryman;" and he ordered him to pay something further in hard dollars. But the countryman went home with the good coat and the good money in the pocket, saying: "This time I made a sure hit."

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[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THEY CALL ME COLD,

BY FRANCES NORTON.

They call me cold—they do not know
The deep, warm love within my heart;
But think, because I do not show,
That I have never felt love's smart.

'Tis better so, for 'twas in vain
I poured love's treasures at his feet;
A moment's bliss, then years of pain,
Was the return that I did meet.

A moment's thought of love, with life
Spent under his protecting care;
The darling hope to be his wife,
It ended—leaving but despair.

They call me free, could they but see,
The sadness reigning in my breast
O, they would find that I am free
From every hope to make me blest.

Yes, I am cold—grief from my heart,
When love no longer might adore;
And free, for every tie did part,
With those few words—"I love no more."

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE INCENDIARY.

A SEA SKETCH.

BY CHARLES CASTLETON.

Some of my readers may remember the circumstance of the wreck of the good ship Verplank in the Bay of Naples. Everything that could be done for the safety of that ship was done, but against the decrees of inexorable fate we could not work. Two cables parted when the gale was at its height, and though I let out as much cable for my two remaining anchors as I dared, yet she dragged them both, and we went ashore upon the rocks, and before the dawn of the next morning the noble ship was in pieces. Yet only four lives were lost, of all our crew. Most of my men shipped at once on board an American frigate which lay there—the Brandywine, her name was—while I looked out for a passage home by some merchantman.

I had not to wait long for the opportunity I sought, for in less than a week after my misfortune, the Yankee merchant ship, "Richard Lee," came in, just from Smyrna, and I had no trouble in securing a passage on board. Her captain's name was James Oxford. He was a good-hearted, pleasant man, somewhere about fifty years of age, and had followed the sea since early boyhood. I found him an excellent companion at times, while at certain seasons he would not only be taciturn and gloomy, but sometimes even surly and abrupt. I was not long in discovering that he made a free use of brandy, and that when he was the most sociable and chatty, he had the most brandy at work in his system. Sometimes he would go without the stimulant for a whole day, and in such cases he was sure to be moody and silent.

Of course this simple affair was no business of mine, but yet I made myself very uneasy on account of it,—not uneasy through fear, but from rank curiosity. The chief mate's name was Merrill, and I noticed that he regarded the captain at times very anxiously. One day—we were then off Carthagena, upon the Spanish coast—Mr. Merrill and I were standing together by the lee quarter, and the captain had just gone below.

"Merrill," said I, "what is the matter with the captain?"

The mate started, and looked into my face with a sort of inquisitive, anxious expression.

"Then you have noticed it?" he said.

"Certainly," I replied. "And I noticed how pale he looked just now, as he passed us. I never saw him look quite so strange before."

"Yes, I noticed," murmured Merrill, thoughtfully.

"But do you know what it is?"

"No," said he, "I have no idea. He has been so for a long while—ever since we entered the Mediterranean. He was happy enough until we anchored at Gibraltar, when we first came in, but since then he has been just as you see him now. Once I ventured to ask him what troubled him, but I have never asked him since, for then he looked as though I had struck him in the face."

"He is surely suffering from some cause," I resumed, "and at times I have thought him almost monomaniacal."

"What's that?" at this moment uttered Merrill, starting suddenly towards the after companionway.

I turned, and saw smoke curling up through the crevices of the trunk, and in a moment more Captain Oxford came rushing up. His face was very pale, and his eyes glared like coals of fire.

"Man the boats! Man the boats!" he cried, in a sort of wild shriek. "The ship is on fire! Man the boats, or we shall all be lost!"

"But we will put out the fire, if we can," said Merrill.

"No, no," wildly exclaimed Oxford. "Let the fire go,—you can't put it out. Man the boats!"

"Lay aft, here, men," shouted the mate. "Lay aft, every one of you. Into the hold, Thompson, and see if the fire has made its way in there. Buckets—buckets, you foretopmen! Pass the water over the taffrail as fast as possible. Down with the helm, and brace all up sharp!"

The men were hastening to obey these orders, when Captain Oxford interposed.

"Down with the boats, I say!" he yelled, in a perfect fury. "By the heavens above me, the first man who dares to dischey shall die! Mr. Merrill, see to getting out the boats as quickly as possible; and mind that you show no more of your mutiny!"

I saw that the men were staggered, and that the mate was fearful. I believed the fire was yet confined to the cabin, for no blaze had as yet been seen out, and I resolved at once that the noble ship should not be lost if I could help it. A strange thought came to my mind, that Oxford himself had set fire to the ship!

"Mr. Merrill," I said, in a tone that showed my meaning and my words to be one, "I shall take charge of this ship, and upon my shoulders the responsibility shall rest." Then I turned to the men. "Now pass your buckets as quickly as possible. Work lively, and we shall save the ship. Here, two of you, and brail up the spanker."

Captain Oxford started towards me in fury. I met him, and in hurried tones I said, loud enough for no one but himself to hear:

"Beware, sir! If this ship is burned, you shall atone for it most dearly. *I am not blind!*"

I do not know whether it was the look I gave him, or the words which I spoke, but he said no more. He shrank away from me, and very soon he even began to assist in putting out the fire, which was done with a dozen buckets of water. When the dangerous element had been subdued, we found that the fire had caught somewhere in the vicinity of the captain's bunk. He *said* it must have caught from a candle which he used to enable him to find something in the locker at the foot of his bunk. And thus the matter passed for the time, the men believing that he had fallen asleep, and that his strange behaviour upon deck was the result of having been frightened from his sleep so unwontedly. The carpenter soon had the cabin in respectable order.

From that moment I began to watch Oxford with care, for I felt sure that he had set the fire, though why he should have done so I could not determine. I found that Merrill entertained the same suspicions, and we had several conversations upon the subject. From him I learned that there was quite an amount of gold in the cabin, or rather in the run, under the cabin floor, and he wondered that the captain had not thought of this, and endeavored to save it, even though he did wish to destroy the ship.

We stopped at Gibraltar only twelve hours, and early one fine morning we entered the broad Atlantic. Captain Oxford was the same as ever. No,—not the same, for he grew more strange and unaccountable in his manner, and now even brandy failed to make him social. In short, he presented every symptom of one who is suffering the most intense agony of mind, and when he did converse, it was with a distant, inattentive manner, which showed that he cared little what was said.

Early on the morning of the sixth day from Gibraltar, we came in sight of St. Maria, the most southern of the Azores. Mr. Merrill stood by the starboard quarter, with the glass, and while he was gazing off upon the distant land Captain Oxford came up and took a view with his own glass. I was too busy with the land to notice the movements of the captain, and he went below without my noticing it. It must have been half an hour after that, that I turned and saw him just coming upon deck. He cast a hurried glance around, and then looked into the stern-boat. I thought his countenance looked strange, but as the moment after I gave it no heed. In a few moments after that I was sure I saw a fine curl of smoke creep out through a crevice in the forward part of the trunk.

"Fire! Fire!" at the same moment cried one of the men, who came leaping up from the hold, where he had just gone to break out a water-cask.

"Where?" asked a dozen voices.

"Just breaking through the cabin bulkhead."

Captain Oxford started and rushed down the after companion-way, and in a moment more he returned.

"Down with the boats!" he yelled. "Down with them, quick! If you delay a moment you are lost!" And as he spoke he sprang to the lashings of the stern-boat.

Now I knew that Oxford had some desire to burn the ship, and upon the moment I determined to thwart him. The mates were hesitating, for they did not like to disobey their superior; but Merrill cast towards me a look, in which he plainly, though silently, implored me to interfere.

"Buckets, my men!" I ordered, calmly and firmly. "Here, you Wilson, brail up the spanker, and the rest of you pass the buckets smartly."

Captain Oxford darted towards me, and with a terrible oath he ordered me to hold my tongue.

"If you will not save your owners' ship, I will," I replied.

"We'll see!" he hissed, between his clenched teeth, and with a face perfectly livid in its hue. And as he uttered this he seized a heavy iron pin from the rack and sprang upon me. I moved quickly upon one side, and avoided a tremendous blow which he aimed at my head, but this was not the end,—his toe struck a snatch-block which lay upon deck, and he pitched head foremost against the bulwarks, and in a moment more he lay upon the deck, insensible. I heard a strange sound as he fell, but the noise about deck was so much that it reached no other ears. I then took command, upon the impulse of the moment, and the men impulsively obeyed me, even Mr. Merrill himself looking to me for orders. I had the ship braced sharp up as speedily as possible, and then I set all hands at the buckets. We soon had some water down the companionway and through the sky-light, and in a few minutes the fire was subdued, so that the men could get into the cabin. After this, the work was easy, and in fifteen minutes from the time the first bucket full of water was applied, the fire was out.

As soon as the cabin could be cleared of steam and smoke, we found that but little of the woodwork had been burnt. Three or four doors were spoiled, some of the maps burned, and two of the bunks charred through. But the place was soon cleared, and then Merrill and myself bore the captain down.

"What is that?" uttered Merrill, raising his eyebrows in astonishment, as we laid the body down.

"What?" said I.

"Didn't you notice it?"

"I noticed something."

"But I noticed something strange. Don't you think he's marvellous heavy?"

"I do," I answered.

"So do I," said Merrill, mysteriously, but yet dubiously.

"Suppose you send the men out," I whispered.

Acting upon my suggestion, he sent all on deck save Sargeant, the second mate, who was also something of a doctor.

After this, our first movement was to strip Oxford of his clothing, for we were confident he had something about him which impeded a free circulation of his blood; so while Sargeant chafed his temples, Merrill and myself commenced to remove his clothing. We got off his thick pea-jacket without trouble (he had come on deck prepared for the boat), and then we got off his inner jacket. Below this we found, not a vest, but a thick Guernsey frock. This we cut, and next we found something that gave us a start.

"What's this?" uttered Merrill.

"What does it look like?" said I.

Merrill shook his head, but made no reply.

There were no less than five large buck-skin money-belts around his body, and all of them full! While the mates held the body up, I unbuckled the belts and took them off. That was the sound I heard when Oxford fell.

Just as I was taking the last belt off, the captain opened his eyes and groaned. His skull had not been fractured, nor could we find much of a bruise, the blow having come upon the brow, just at the edge of the hair. We next placed him in one of the berths which had not been badly injured, and while Sargeant still continued to chafe and bathe, Merrill and myself went to examine the belts, having first seen that we had no lookers-on from above.

We spread a blanket upon the floor, and then emptied the contents of the bags upon it. It was all gold, and we reckoned about *twelve thousand dollars, weighing not far from fifty pounds!*

"Where did this come from?" asked I, as soon as we had reckoned it up.

Merrill spoke not, but with a blank look he pointed to the little barred scuttle that opened to the run.

"Then this money belongs to the owners," I said.

"Yes," answered the mate, uneasily.

I said no more then, but we collected the gold together as quickly as possible, and then turned our attention to the captain. He was soon brought to a state of consciousness, but he said not a word about the load we had taken from him. But I saw that he thought of it, for the first thing he did after fully realizing his situation, was to pass his hands, with a nervous, clutching movement, up and down his breast, and when he found nothing there, he closed his eyes and groaned heavily.

Mr. Merrill tied the gold snugly up in the blanket, and having found the key to the scuttle, he unlocked it and placed the money in the run.

A week passed away, and during that time the carpenters were busy in the cabin, and after that we once more had quite comfortable quarters. The idea had become rife among the crew that the captain had purposely set fire to the ship, but we tried to dispossess them of the conviction. And during this week Oxford had not said one word about what had so strangely happened.

On the second evening after the cabin had been put to rights, the captain, Mr. Merrill, and myself, were alone there. I was reading a book, or pretending, or trying so to do; Merrill was working up his dead reckoning to compare with the chronometer, and the captain sat with his head leaning upon his hands, his elbows being upon the table. Suddenly he looked up and gazed into my face.

"Captain," he said, eyeing me with a tremulous expression, "have you any desire to ruin me?"

"No, sir," I answered, quickly and emphatically.

"And would you save me?"

"If I could—yes."

"And you, Merrill?"

"I will do anything for your good that lies within my power," replied the mate.

Oxford bowed his head a few moments, and then he looked up and spoke as follows:

"You know what has happened, and I know you have your suspicions; but you do not know all. I am going to tell you the whole truth now, and nothing but the truth, and then I shall trust to your generosity. A little over one year ago, I owned this ship, and was worth some thousands of dollars besides. A friend in New York induced me to enter into a scheme of speculation with him. He showed me the plan on paper, and I thought it was all plain and clear, and I went into it. Three months afterwards, things began to grow dark. My partner came to me and told me he must have four thousand dollars immediately, or we should sink. I tried to borrow it, but could not. Four thousand dollars would save us, and it must be raised. I had a friend who had often accommodated me, but he was away South. I knew if he were at home he would have lent me his name at least. I lay awake one whole night, thinking of plans, but particularly of one plan. The next morning I resolved to forge my friend's name! I knew I could take up the note before it should fall due. I made a note payable to myself, and put my friend's name to it,—then I endorsed it myself, and in three hours afterwards I had raised the money on it!

"In one short month after that, our scheme was blown to the wind! But that was as nothing to me, compared with that forged note which would fall due in one month more! Raise four thousand dollars I could not. What should I do? I dared not trust a friend with my terrible secret, for many of them already looked coldly upon me, as they had lost on account of my failure, for even after selling my ship, and all else, we only paid sixty cents on the dollar.

"At length I hit upon a scheme which I thought would work. In Wall Street I knew a man who would do anything for money, even to the keeping of a dangerous secret. He was a cold-blooded man, who could be friendly so long as it was for his interest, but who knew no such feeling as friendship upon any other foundation. To him I resolved to apply, for he and I were well acquainted, and I knew that I might trust him with even life itself, if I could assure him some palpable return. I went to him and told him the whole story—the whole truth, without any equivocation of any kind. I made him see that even my very life itself was bound up in that note, for if it should mature and not be paid, I should be branded as a felon and cast into prison, and my wife and children left to suffer; but if I could get it up in season, I should have no sufferings of conscience, for in my heart I had meant no wrong.

"The broker listened to my story, and then very coolly asked me what I meant to do. I told him if he would take up that note and keep it faithfully for one year, I would give him six thousand dollars for it. I told him I had nearly three thousand dollars due me in Gibraltar,—that I could have command of the ship which I had lost, for a voyage to Smyrna, and that at the end of a year I could make up the six thousand dollars. He asked me what security I could give him. I pointed him to the position I occupied. 'You hold the prison-doors open for me when you please,' said I, 'and my very soul, too, you hold in your hand. I will give you my note for the amount I have named, and if I do not take it up at the end of the year you can ruin me. Do you not think that I shall pay it?' He considered a while, and then said he did, and told me to call upon him at noon.

"At noon I went, and he had already bought the forged note. He showed it to me, and promised to keep it one year. I gave him my note for six thousand dollars, and then went to secure my berth as captain of this ship, and when that was done I felt easier.

"At Gibraltar was a merchant to whom I had lent three thousand dollars, only a year before, and I felt sure of getting that; but when I arrived there, two months ago, I found that he had gone to Scotland, and would not return under six months at the shortest time. From that moment my spirits began to sink. We went to Smyrna, and started to return, and I should land in New York with not a penny over one thousand dollars! Again—what should I do? I became miserable and unhappy, and the thought of suicide dwelt heavily upon me; but my wife and children tied me to earth. At length an idea came to me.

"I had gold on board—gold belonging to my owners. I had become weak and faint in resolution, and my brain was turned. I was anybody rather than the self I had been a year before. Not for all the wealth of all the world would I have stolen a dollar; but for life—for honor—for the peace of my innocent family, I would do a great sin. I dwelt upon the thought until the possession of that gold became fairly a monomania with me. But how could I get it? There was but one way. First secure as much of it as I could about my person, and then set the ship on fire and make my escape, giving the owners to understand that all was lost. I knew enough to select some point close by land at which to try the experiment, but my mind was too wildly worked upon to admit of my being villanously judicious and witty about it.

"You know the rest. Now do as you please. I am ruined!—a ruined, ruined man!"

Oxford bowed his head again as he closed, and I could see the tears trickle down between his fingers.

"Whose name in New York did you forge?" asked I.

"Samuel Wardwell's," he replied.

I did not know him, but, nevertheless, I assured Oxford that I would save him. I told him that, if he could do no better, I would lend him six thousand dollars as soon as we reached New York, for I had four times that amount safely invested there. It was some time before the poor fellow could fully realize that I had the power to save him, and that I was in earnest in my offer, but when he did realize it, he sprang forward and sank upon my bosom, and wept like a girl. I assured him that I would not only lend him the money, but that I would wait his own time for payment, and from that moment he began to recover.

We made the crew believe that the captain had had fits, or, rather, spells of spasmodic insanity, but that we had succeeded in removing the cause—and they were satisfied.

When we reached New York, almost the first man who came on board was the one who had been Oxford's partner in the speculation, and he now came with the intelligence that a part of the scheme had taken an unexpected turn, and already yielded him thirty thousand dollars! Captain Oxford heard this piece of news, and upon the strength of it he fainted away. But we soon succeeded in reviving him. So I did not have to lend him the money after all, though I should have done it with pleasure.

On the evening of the next day, I met Oxford on board the ship. His eye sparkled, and his cheeks glowed with an unwonted flush.

"God bless you, sir!" he exclaimed, grasping me by the hand. "You have saved me from a state worse than death, for had you not overcome the demon within me, I should now have been a black villain! Here is my forged note, sir, and I am safe! My broker will be true, and I know that you and my mates will be!"

As he spoke he held the corner of the fatal note to the blaze of a candle which I had just lighted to seal a letter, and ere many seconds it was in ashes.

A few months since, I learned from a friend that James Oxford was dead. I should not have written this had he been yet living, and, as it is, I have covered his real name, for he has left a family of noble boys, to whom may God grant all the virtues of their father, and keep from them all his misfortunes!

DANCING.

Horace Greeley thus speaks of dancing: "We believe dancing, mainly by small neighborhood parties, without parade or dress, or other expensive adjuncts, restricted to three hours at any one assemblage, closed long before midnight, and rigidly guarded against all access of stimulating beverages, might be a most admirable recreation, securing the approbation and countenance of the religious and sedate; but conducted as it is, probably exhausts more than it renovates, and corrupts more than it improves."

Jester's Picnic.

The following extract from an unpublished romance is said to be exceedingly beautiful.

"Listen to me, Gasparado. When first I met the Lady Arabella in the brilliant saloon of the Count de Pomperno, I was struck with the spiritual lustre of her dove-like eyes. In short, my friend, I loved her, although I knew nothing of her birth, fortune, or station. 'Twas one moonlight eve, in the garden of the chateau, when I pressed her to become my own, my cherished bride. She shrank from me, saying

"'Thou knowest not who I am!'

"'I care not,' said I, passionately.

"'Then I do,' said she, in piercing tones. 'I am your unknown washerwoman, and I'd thank you to pay me for the six pieces I washed for you last week!'

"Gasparado, I left Italy a broken hearted man."

Two friends were conversing concerning a young lady named Joy, whom they thought very beautiful, but who seemed quite decidedly averse to changing her name. One said:

"Is it not strange she does not marry?"

"Not at all," was the reply; "she will never wed."

"Why not, pray?"

"Because her favorite poet forbids it. Does not Keats say, 'A thing of beauty is a Joy forever.'"

Gainsborough was once making a sketch of his father's garden, when he observed a country-fellow looking over the wall, and casting evil eyes upon a beautiful and well stocked pear tree; he immediately sketched him in, and the likeness was so striking that it was recognized by several neighboring farmers, whose orchards had been robbed, and on the countryman being taxed with being the depredator, he admitted the fact, and, to avoid a prosecution, at once enlisted in the army.

An Indian had gone to Albany one cold winter's day, and got very drunk. On his way home, he became completely overcome, laid down and was frozen to death. His tribe were at that time much disposed to imitate the habits of white men, and accordingly held an inquest on the dead body. After a long pow-wow, they agreed to the verdict that the deceased came to his death "by mixing too much water in his whiskey, which had frozen in him and killed him."

A highwayman, confined in Newgate, sent to know how he could defer his trial, and was answered by getting apothecaries to make affidavit of his illness. This was accordingly done in the following manner:

"The deponent verily believes that if the said prisoner is obliged to take his trial at the ensuing session, he will be in imminent danger of his life."

To which the learned Judge on the bench replied, "that he really believed so, too."

At a late term of the G. County Court, held at C., New York, where the cholera had been prevalent the past summer, the judge holding the court received from the jury room, then occupied, the following communication:

"Onrebel Judge B.: Sir—Oure lot is easte in A Dismel place, serounded by danger and colery we want our Supper. A JOURNAM."

The jury was discharged at once, of course.

A Grahamite suggests the following for the million in these hard times. He says it can, at the option of the consumer, be taken as a bread or a pudding.

"Cut up four laths in a peck of sawdust. When well mixed, bake it by placing a napkin containing it, in the sun for half an hour. Serve up with sauce made by soaking a cedar shingle in a pail of water."

"Bob, lower yourself into the well and holler for help."

"What for?"

"To frighten daddy and make some fun."

Bob did as desired, but got more fun than he bargained for. It was administered with a hickory sappling.

"Get out of the way, you long-legged shanghai," said one terribly excited individual to another equally infuriated, a few days since.

"Shanghai?" retorted the other, "yes sir, I'm shanghai enough to jump into your garden," and he pitched in accordingly.

An iron-horse on a railway having been adorned with the title, "I still live," a wag noticing the inscription, remarked, "That is what the passengers should be labelled at the end of their journey."

An Irishman, taken insensible from the ruins of a recent smash up, near Dunkirk, New York, after awaking to consciousness, said: "By the powers! an' wasn't it a know-nothing I was for a few moments, gintlemen?"

An Irishman had one child buried in the o'd country and one in this, and in a spirit of economy he thought one tombstone might answer for both. So he erected one with this inscription:

"Here lie my two children dear,
One in old Ireland and t'other here."

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

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VOL. X.

PA

THE SCOU

A STO

CHAPTER

DEFIANCE

The night was quite dark
his companion struck into
way became one of almost
Once, at a distance of a few
he stopped. He could plain
the poor fellows he had left
how quickly they would ha
ends of the earth with him
take them now, and after
ment he moved on again.
was a very clear one, for it
ing where the horses were
sequently much travelled.
reached the opening, and
horse. He had already com
which he readily found, and
mal was prepared with his
helped upon his back. The
behind her, and then starte
proved to be a kind and gen
the path without difficulty.

Of course the young man
ly, for even though the hor
the true path, yet it was so
hanging branches could not
it was necessary to proceed
to avoid being bruised and
in contact with them.

"We are getting farther a
power," said Paul, as they
"Yes," returned Mary.
speak as one full of hope.
his own heart sank several
spoke cheerfully.

"We *must* escape," he said
ing to prevent us. The w
for the bigger, and we may
By daylight we may be hal
and if we once reach that
Larson will not show his fa
ness that might expose hi
Mary. There is no ground

The maiden made no repl
her very silence, and in the
her breath, a sort of mystic
youth knew too well how to

"Tell me, my love," sa
have any fear?"

"Paul," she returned, alm
though it was with an effort
ance to the thought, "I will
I wish you had not given
man."

"What man?"

"Baffa Burrington."

"But why fear him?"

"I do not know, but yet
From the manner in which
man spoken of, and from h
as it has been described to me
confidence in him. But let
be affected by my feelings
indeed, I think we may—a
be nothing. Do not think
haps I am foolish."

The youth did not speak,
companion's remarks had ca
unpleasant thoughts in his o
he was wishing that Baffa B
received that letter. But h
was—"It's too late now"

It must have been near
fugitives came to the open
upon the small bay where t
stood, and by this time the
peep through the breaking
had not yet risen. Paul rode
pery where the lugger lay, b
there. This was to him a
struck him with fear. His
to make his way to the cot w
who was to have taken com
He knocked at the door, and
by the man whom Paul most

"How is this?" asked
"You were to have exerci
ing by an hour before midni